

*Savell (19)*  
THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
SIR *Walter Raleigh.*

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRE  
IN  
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

---

Heu nefas!  
Virtutem incolumem odimus,  
*Sublatam ex oculis quærimus Invidi.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN PEMBERTON at the *Buck*, over-against  
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M DCCXIX.

[Price 1s. 6d.]

THE R. A. G. D. Y.

OF

THE R. A. G. D. Y.







To the Right Honourable

*JAMES CRAGS, Esq;*

*His MAJESTY'S Principal Secretary  
of State.*

*S I R,*



THE most considerable Advantage a Man derives from Poetry, is, that he has an Opportunity of pleasing Great and Noble Spirits, who are always the best Judges of *Tragedy*, as their own Sentiments

## DEDICATION.

are remov'd from the common way of Thinking, and agreeable to the Personages *there* represented. Happy should I be, to prove an Instance of the Truth of this Observation, if in drawing the Character of Sir *Walter Raleigh* I have any where hitt the Taste of a *Statesman*, who resembles him in many of his great Qualities. The World knows how jealous he was of the Greatness of *Spain*, what frequent Advices he gave to Two *Great Princes* to humble her, and with what Spirit he resentted any Indignity offered *these Kingdoms* from

## DEDICATION.

from her Insolence. Every body who reads this, will be beforehand with me in the Application, and say, the same Zeal, the same Love of Honour and *Great-Britain*, breaths in your late LETTER to the Spanish Ambassador. We have seen Plots, Rebellions, and GUNDAMORS too, in our Days; but thank Heav'n we have a *Monarch* too Wise, and a *Ministry* too vigilant, to suffer them to succeed! No Man Bleeds in *England* now for asserting the Liberties of his *Country*; the Fate of the great *Raleigh* is only turn'd on a few *Parricides* and *Traitors*.

If



## DEDICATION.

If to say, that your *Councils* have a considerable Share in Promoting the Interest of your Country, in encouraging Loyalty, and discountenancing both *Homebred* and *Foreign Factions*, be to flatter, This I will say in the Teeth of *Envy*, and speak it loudly to the *deaf Ear* of *Party*.

Forgive me, *Sir*, for thus far offering to describe Your Character. Publick Virtues cannot escape Publick Notice; and we must talk of You, as we do of common Blessings, whether You will or no. Give me then leave to bring *Sir Walter Raleigh* to his  
most

# DEDICATION.

most proper Patron; Protect the  
virtuous Memory of the Dead, as  
You do the brave Acts of the  
Living, and the World will be  
afraid or asham'd to Censure,  
what You Approve. I am,

S I R,

*with the greatest Respect,*

*Your most Devoted*

*Humble Servant,*

George Sewell.



T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HIS Play had been thrown in-  
to the World without a Pre-  
face, were it not to do Justice  
to the *Gentleman* who honou-  
red me with a *Prologue*, in which many  
excellent Lines were omitted in the Speak-  
ing. I know not who assumed that Li-  
berty; but the Reader has now the Plea-  
sure to see them restored as they were o-  
riginally written, and I the Satisfaction of  
repairing the Injury he would have suf-  
fered by the Loss of them. Sure I am,  
that



## PREFACE.

that I have reason to thank the Author on a double Account, both for preparing the Favour of the Audience before the Play, and supporting the Interest of the Writer with an uncommon Vigour, and Friend-like Application.

This is all I thought to have said: But the many before-hand Cavils and Objections to the Actors of the *New-House*, obliged me to say something in their and my own Defence. *Drury-Lane* is the Favourite Theatre of the Town, and I am not so vain as to oppose a single Judgment to the Publick: Yet I hope a young Author may be excused if upon hearing their *shocking Treatment* of the best Writers, he trembled to think how a new unexperienced one was to be used. Indeed the Event has justified my Suspicions, otherwise surely they never would have play'd a *Veteran Poet* strong in a *Multitude of applauded Plays*, against the Endeavours of a Beginner. To confess the Truth, I cannot see such irresistible Gra-

# P R A F A C E

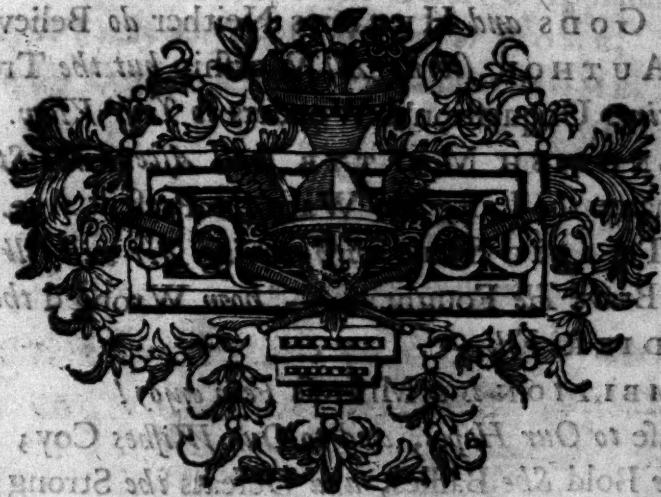
ces in all their Performances, as not to leave room for a Rivalship in their Competitors. Since the Representation, I have found many prejudiced Gentlemen come into my Opinion, that the chief Parts in this Play have been acted with as much Spirit, Life, Propriety and Grace of Elocution, as could have been *any where* expected. I wish only, as an indifferent Person, who am to purchase my Pleasure or Amusement at my own Judgment, that a laudable Emulation may arise between them, and that the Town would abate a little of their *unhappy Prejudices*, as well as their *partial Favours*.

For the rest, I give up the Play to the Mercy of the Criticks. It is my First, and in all Probability my Last; having little Ability, and less Inclination to write for the Stage.

Before I conclude, I must obviate one Objection against my self, which runs current upon the Credit of common  
Fame

# PREFACE:

Fame for a Truth; that this *Play* was re-  
jected at *Drury-Lane*. I publickly assure  
the World that it was never offered *there*;  
but I have the Misfortune to find that Peo-  
ple lay hold of every trifling Story to ruin  
the Reputation of the little Success this  
*Tragedy* has met with from a few favoura-  
ble Audiences.



PRO-  
The Author's Thoughts — and in the Glorious Style  
Immortal Honour gained — but lost His Life  
And All a Ruin'd Wreath of Fame  
The Bold — the Strong —  
Falls to Our Feet —  
And All a Ruin'd Wreath of Fame  
The Bold — the Strong —  
Falls to Our Feet —



# PROLOGUE.

Written by MAJOR *PACK*,

Spoken by Mr. *RTAN*.

**S**TRUCK with each Ancient GREEK or ROMAN  
Name,

*Blindly We Pay Devotion to Their Fame.*

Their Boasted CHIEFS in Partial Lights are shown :  
Neglect, or Envy, still Attends Our Own.

POETS and PRIESTS, the People to Deceive,  
Form GODS and HEROES Neither do Believe.

Our AUTHOR scorns All Worship but the True;  
He brings Unquestion'd Wonders to Your View.

An ENGLISH MARTYR shall Ascend the Stage,  
To Shame the Last, and Warn the Present Age.

The TRAGIC Scene with moving Art will tell  
How Brave He Fought — how Wrong'd the SOL-  
DIER Fell.

‘ AMBITION is a Mistress Few enjoy !

‘ False to Our Hopes, and to Our Wishes Coy ;

‘ The Bold She Baffles, and Defeats the Strong ;

‘ And All are Ruin'd Who Pursue Her long.

‘ Yet so Bewitching are Her Fatal Charms,

‘ We think it Heav'n to Dye within Her Arms.

‘ Thus RALEIGH Thought — and in the Glorious Strife

‘ Immortal Honour gain'd — but lost His Life.

*Jealous*

# PROLOGUE

*Jealous of Virtue That was so Sublime,  
His COUNTRY Damn'd His Merit as a Crime.  
The TRAYTOR's Doom did on the PATRIOT Wait:  
He Sav'd — and then He Perish'd by the STATE.  
A Patient MONARCH, too securely Wise,  
(Unhappy KINGS! They See with Others Eyes)  
Weakly Consented to the Guilty Deed,  
And made Three KINGDOMS in their CHAMPION  
Bleed.*

*BRITAINS, by This Example Taught, Unite!  
Wound not the PUBLICK out of Private Spight.  
To Great Atchievements Just Rewards allow;  
Nor tear the Lawrel from the VICTOR's Brow.  
Exert Your Vigour in the NATION's Cause;  
But Grudge no RIVAL His Deserv'd Applause.  
Safely We may Desy MADRID or ROME,  
If no Sly GUNDAMOR Prevails at HOME.*





# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. **BULLOCK.**

**W**HAT! two new Plays! and those at once appear!  
Sure, Authors fancy this a thriving Year!

Yet, to write Plays is easy, faith, enough;

As you have seen by---Cibber---in *Tartuffe*.

With how much Wit he did your Hearts engage!

He only Stole the Play;----he Writ the Title-Page.

We dare not tread the Path our Rivals do;

We were resolv'd you should have something New.

'Tis double Felony (as I am told)

To pay Bad Money, and That----clip'd and old:

And yet so partial are you in the Case,

We suffer still, but They----have Acts of Grace.

Sure That old Theatre's your Mistress grown,

We are your Wives----You use us like your own.

Should SHAKESPEAR rise, and see (each murdering  
Day)

Scenes cut and alter'd, and mis-call'd---his Play;

How would the reverend Bard regret the Shame?

Why thus---- "To rob my Urn, then stab my Fame,

" Should



## EPILOGUE.

" Should be a Sin this learned generous Age  
 " Ought to revenge upon the Gaiety Stage.  
 " But if, in vain, an honest Cause I plead,  
 " Thus shall my Wish and Punishment succeed :  
 " Fleckno, the Sire of Dullness, shall inspire  
 " His Sons to scribble, without Sense----or Fire.  
 " Players turn Wits, by Nonsense rise or fall,  
 " Yet cry out boldly---S'Blood! We'll stand 'em all.  
 Thus far for SHAKESPEAR, and our Common Right:  
 Now for the Author's Part, and then---Good night,  
 For I have a Request, before I go;  
 Speak plainly: Is our Poet damn'd, or---no?  
 If he is Dull, the Play, perhaps, may live;  
 For Wit's a Crime we know You can't forgive,  
 Wit cannot fall so fast, as Folly rises;  
 Witness the Masquerade-----at double Prizes,  
 Yet if you are not pleas'd with what We've plaid,  
 Go see old SHIRLEY dress'd in MASQUERADE.



# Dramatis Personæ.

## MEN.

*Sir Walter Raleigh,*

*Howard,*

*Young Raleigh,*

*Salisbury,*

*Gundamor,*

*Lord Cobham,*

*Sir Julius Cæsar,*

*Carew,*

*Wade, Lieutenant of the Tower,*

*Mr. Quin.*

*Mr. Ryan.*

*Mr. Leigh.*

*Mr. Cory.*

*Mr. C. Bullock.*

*Mr. Bobemia.*

*Mr. Smith.*

*Mr. Egleten.*

*Mr. Ogden.*

## WOMEN.

*Lady Raleigh,*

*Olympia, Salisbury's Daughter,*

*Florella,*

*Mrs. Seymour.*

*Mrs. Bullock.*

*Mrs. Robertson*

**SCENE LONDON.**

*The Court at White-hall.*

Sir



# Sir Walter Raleigh.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *At Court, near the Council-Chamber.*

*Enter Sir J. Cæsar and Carew.*

*Sir J. CÆSAR.*



URE as e'en now we pass'd the Council Door,

I saw Lord Gundamor; and if these Eyes Discern'd aright, his Visage seem'd to bear

A Mixture of uncertain Cheerfulness,  
Like Hope corrected by some cautious Fear:

I like it not—— For tho' we cannot read  
The Wiles of Statesmen in their publick Looks;  
Yet, when alone, the Soul works undisguis'd,  
And prints its Meaning on the outward Form.

*Car.* That Face ne'er boded Good to *British* Hearts;  
For, trust me, as I hold my Country dear,  
As I revere her Monarch's sacred Head;  
Yea, as I wish Prosperity may crown  
That Faith our Fathers witness'd in the Flames:  
So much I fear that busie Statesman's Art  
Is working up some curst Scene of Woe,



To stain those dearest Names with foul Disgrace,  
And fix a Mark of Hatred on their Friends.

*J. C.* Curse on the Drole, and his intriguing Mirth,  
His studied Jokes, and Insolence of Wit;  
By this he winds the Women in his Toils,  
Fashions the flatter'd Sex to all his Views,  
Rouses the curious Devil in their Souls,  
That knows no Rest, but Tortures without End,  
Till it has wrung each Purpose of the State  
From the fond Husband-Fool, who must betray  
His King, his God — to set his Wife at Ease.  
I tell thee, Friend, Dissimulation dwells,  
As at her Home, in ev'ry Smile he wears:  
That Face has laugh'd us into deeper Shame,  
Than we can suffer from his Monarch's Frowns;  
Tho' heighten'd with the Pride of new *Armadas*,  
All *Europe's* Princes, and his *Indian* Gold.

*Car.* That Gold, believe me, Sir, is well employ'd;  
It works like Poison thro' our weaken'd State;  
Infects our generous pure Forefathers Bloods,  
And fits our Free-born Souls for Foreign Yokes.  
How many noble Structures could I name,  
What sumptuous *Villas*, labour'd up to Heav'n,  
Enrich'd with figur'd Silks, and stiff with Gold?  
But not one Tale in all the Pile to say,  
These are the Monuments of perjur'd Faith,  
The high-rais'd Spoils of mercenary Greatness.

*J. C.* 'Tis a sad Truth, and we must mourn it long,  
Unless this cunning Minister of Hell,  
This *Gundamor*, be soon remov'd from Court.  
He, he betrays our Councils to our Foes,  
And cheats us with the specious Name of Friendship.  
Can we forget the valiant *Raleigh's* Fate,  
Whose Spirit quicken'd our adventurous Youth,  
To chace Ambition to her last-flown length,  
And hunt her in a new untravell'd World?

*Car.* He scorn'd the Wages of disloyal Crimes,  
To rust in Peace, and stretch a lazy Hand

For sordid Bribes, but sought the Monarch's Gold,  
In that remotest Climate where it grew.

J. C. Yet when the ripen'd Project grew to bear,  
That crooked Politician's fatal Skill

Found a Betrayer, and destroy'd his Hopes.

Car. And still his cunning Arts detain him close,  
Confin'd in loathsome and inglorious Bondage,  
The bitter'st Anguish to a Soul like his.

Still is he branded with a Traitor's Name,

For some mysterious Maxim of the State.

This Day a flying Rumour reach'd my Ear,

That he must fall ——— But see, his surly Mate,

Old *Howard*, comes; sad Discontent

Lowrs on his Brow, and threatens in his Eye.

J. C. The Man is brave, his Mistress is the Sea,

And on my Soul I think he likes her more,

Because her Qualities resemble his;

Whose Depth is fraught with rich and hidden Trea- (sure,

While Storms and Tempests on the Surface blow.

Yet is he secretly inquisitive,

And while he hates it, much frequents the Court.

Let us observe him —

*Enter Howard.*

*How.* Thus far I'm come,

On Satan's Ground, and yet no Fiend appears

To tempt me; sure all Hell's asleep to-night;

And yet I come at *Gundamor's* Request.

What can the subtle *Spaniard* want with me?

I am no Courtier, no fawning Dog of State,

To lick and kiss the Hand that buffets me:

Nor can I smile upon my Guest, and praise

His Stomach, when I know he feeds on Poison,

And Death disguis'd sits grinning at my Table.

Nay, what is worse, I cannot pimp, nor lye;

Why then at Court? or, why with *Gundamor*?

Hold — let me think — Ay, — in that tender

On the dear Cement of united Hearts,

[Point:

He strikes ---- He would ---- the Villain would ---- O  
*Raleigh!*

*Car.* Observ'd you how the lab'ring Secret work'd,  
 How strong Suspicion fir'd the Train of Honour  
 To a new Brightness, and display'd his Soul  
 Godlike and Great, and worthy of his Friend!

*How.* [*turning*] By Hell, discover'd! O! these rotten Spies,

That have a Hole for ev'ry private Word,  
 And postern multiplying Vents for Mischief.  
 Henceforth may Dumbness seize upon my Tongue,  
 If I but whisper to a Wall at Court. (Cause,

*J. C.* We can forgive your Zeal, who know the  
 The Blindness of your Passion pleads Excuse  
 To Friends, and we, you know, are *Raleigh's* Friends.  
 We honour, love him, watch o'er, fear as much  
 For that dear, great, unhappy Man,  
 As generous *Howard* does. —

*How.* — Ha! said you Fear-----

Preach Fear to Earth-begotten Citizens,  
 When civil Uproar threatens a Reprizal  
 On the curs'd greedy Gatherings of Extortion:  
 Bid the projecting Politician fear,  
 When all his Springs are wound up to the Heighth,  
 And if one Motion fails, the whole Machine  
 Sinks, and destroys the Builder in its Ruins.  
 Talk Fear to Hypocrites, to Midnight Murderers,  
 To the rude Spoiler of defenceless Honour,  
 To Priests and Cowards--- But name it not with Virtue:  
 Fear is the Tax that Conscience pays to Guilt.

*Car.* And yet unspotted Innocence may fall  
 The Sacrifice of Cunning and Revenge:  
 Witness the fatal Tryal of our Friend.

*J. C.* A Tryal founded on a Mystery,  
 A Plot begotten by the Sire of Lyes,  
 And nurs'd to full-grown Treason by the Care  
 Of fostering Lawyers, Rogues, than can extract  
 Fines out of Looks, and Death from double Meanings.

*How.*



*How.* I heard the deep-mouth'd Pack, they scented  
 Blood  
 From the first starting, and pursu'd their View  
 With the Law-Music of long-winded Calumny,  
 Well I remember, one among the Tribe,  
 A reading Cut-throat, skill'd in Paralells  
 And dark Comparisons of wondrous likeness,  
 Who in a Speech of unchew'd Eloquence  
 Muster'd up all the Crimes since *Noah's Days*;  
 To put in ballance with this fancied Plot,  
 And made e'en *Cataline* a Saint to *Raleigh*.  
 The Sycophant so much o'er-play'd his Part,  
 I could have hugg'd him, kiss'd th' unskillful Lyes  
 Hot from his Venal Tongue.

*Car.* He was the same,  
 Who, starting from the Question in Debate,  
 And, when corrected by a calm Rebuke,  
 Catch'd all the Scandal Malice could suggest,  
 Search'd to the Heart, and cramm'd plain *Atheist*  
 down,  
 His brave Opponent's Throat.

*J. C.* Vain Insolence!  
 But 'tis the Curse, and Fashion of the Times:  
 When Prejudice and strong Aversions work,  
 All whose Opinions we dislike are Atheists;  
 Now 'tis a Term of Art, a Bug-bear Word,  
 The Villain's Engine and the Vulgars Terror,  
 The Man who thinks and judges for himself,  
 Unsway'd by aged Follies, rev'rend Errors,  
 Grown Holy by Traditionary Dulness  
 Of School Authority, He is an Atheist.  
 The Man who, hating idle Noise, preserves  
 A pure Religion seated in his Soul,  
 He is a silent, dumb, dissembling Atheist.

*How.* I had forgot it—yes, the base-tongu'd  
 Gownman,  
 Did call him Atheist—— So Men judge at home

Who never trace'd a Providence at Sea;  
 And saw his Wonders in the mighty Deep.  
 The Atheist-Sailor were a monstrous thing,  
 More wonderful than all old Ocean breeds.  
 But I will witness for my *Raleigh's* Faith;  
 Yes, I have seen him when the Tempest rag'd,  
 When from the Precipice of Mountain Waves  
 All Hearts have trembled at the Gulph below,  
 He, with a steady, supplicating Look,  
 Display'd his Trust in that tremendous Pow'r,  
 Who curbs the Billows, and cuts short the Wings  
 Of the rude Whirlwind in its midway Course,  
 And bids the Madness of the Waves to cease.  
 O! Fellow-Soldier, were that Folly thine,  
 Tho' thou wer't dearer than the Love of Honour  
 To this old Bosom, I would pluck thee hence,  
 Tho' my Heart crack'd——  
 And plot with *Gundamor* to work thy Fall.

*Car.* 'Tis brave and open, Sir; but Friendship now  
 Exacts a nobler Part, and bids us stand  
 The Safeguard of his injur'd Innocence.  
 For know, this Moment *Britain's* Council sit  
 The Judges of his Fate, and much I fear,  
 He bleeds a private Sacrifice of State.

*How.* Rather may half the Tribe of Favourite  
 Slaves,  
 Those New-born Insects of perverted Pow'r,  
 Perish and rot, like an untimely Birth;  
 They, and their Houses——No, it shall not be.

*J. C.* Thou talk'st as if thy Hand could stop the  
 Course

Of headlong Ruin; but yet calmly think,  
 What mighty Foes withstand thy gen'rous Views.  
 See *Worster*, *Suffolk*, subtle *Salisbury*,  
 Sworn and Confederate all to seal his Fate.  
 Weigh these, and *Gundamor*.

*How.* For *Salisbury*,  
 Whose Pow'r and Malice run the longest length,

I'll raise a Bosom-Traytor in his House,  
To check the Pride of that intriguing Statesmen.  
Next let the cunning *Spaniard* well beware;  
Whate'er he dreams, his Projects fail on me:  
Yet I must hear him for my *Raleigh's* sake.

*Car.* Sure there he stands — as parting from the  
Lords,

Bowing with humble Salutations low —  
He whispers *Salisbury*; see, they squeeze,  
And sign some Bloody Bargain with that Kiss.

*How.* Blue Pestilence and Poison blast their Lips!  
O! how I hate this Tribe of kissing Courtiers.  
There is some Flavour in a Woman's Breath;  
And Nature bids us meet it with a Gust.  
But these new Kissers, with their *Spanish* Air,  
Make Perjury conclude, where Lust begins.  
But, Friends, retire, for headadvances now;  
Think of our Honesty, and hope Success.

*Car.* Heav'n, who inspires it, prosper thy Intent.  
We bend another way, resolv'd to search  
Mysterious *Cobham's* Mind, and prove if yet  
He mints new Treasons in his fertile Brain.

*How.* Farewell; remember that the Brave Man's Friend  
Acts in the Room of Providence it self,  
And makes up the Deficiencies of Heav'n.

[*Ex. J. C. and Car.*]



S C E N E II.

*Gundamor, Howard.*

*Gun.* I fear, good Captain, that my long Delay  
Has made the Time wear tedious on your hands,  
But you must charge it on this Midnight Council.  
You *English* have a strange debating Vein,



And preface ev'ry trifle with a Speech ;  
Spin out the time with Reasons and Replies,  
And yet are stubborn to your first Resolves.

*How.* There are, I own, my Lord, peculiar Faults  
To ev'ry Nation ; that, perhaps, is ours.  
I wish we had no more — my Country's Failing  
I hate and pity, yet I love my Country.

*Gun.* I know thou dost, and that sways much with  
me.

Trust me, I hold no Conference or League  
But with the Vertuous Men who love their Country.  
But Fits of undesigning Mirth break forth  
With jovial Tempers, which their Friends forgive.

*How.* I hope the wise Ambassador of *Spain*  
Wakes not at this late Season of the Night,  
For sportive Mirth, or starch'd Civilities.

*Gun.* No, *Howard*---I have long observ'd thy Worth,  
There's something pleasing in thy rugged Virtue,  
Which makes me wish to call its Owner Friend :  
Know then, to give an Earnest of my Heart,  
Already I have mov'd the Gracious King —

*How.* For what, my Lord? —

*Gun.* To raise thee to Command,  
Not serve and drudge beneath Inferior Merit.

*How.* I thank my Lord ; but 'tis of Fortune's Hand  
What Rank I hold ; my Service is my own,  
And that, next Heav'n, my Sovereign shall command.

*Gun.* O! that my Master, in his Empire's Bounds,  
Wide as it lies from *East* to *Western* Sun,  
Could boast a hundred Subjects like to thee!

*How.* [*Aside.*] I'd rather hear a Storm that threatens  
Shipwrack,

Than bear a single Breath of such vile Flatt'ry!  
But how, my Lord, must I deserve the Grace  
Your Favour promises? —

*Gun.* With wondrous Ease:  
You well remember when your Naval Pow'r

(*Raleigh*)

(*Raleigh* was then your Admiral) set forth  
To seek Adventures in the New-found World.  
You know your cunning Captain fool'd you on  
With Golden Hopes, and sold your Blood and Lives,  
To dress his Naked Vanity anew,  
With false Discoveries, and pretended Conquests.

*How.* Hold my Resentment for a Moment now. [*Aside.*

*Gun.* This Voyage I would have thee mark with  
care,

Minute down each Exploit from Coast to Coast,  
Schemes, Councils, Actions and Events.

Give me this Paper——Thou art Admiral.

*How.* Does Spain bestow the Dignities of *England*?

*Gun.* Fear not, but trust thy Hopes to *Gundamor*.

*How.* It cannot be; the Fortune of my Friends,  
My Fame, a Soldier's Fame forbids me.

*Gun.* For *Raleigh*, hold his Life at nothing,  
His Death is sign'd, and only now deferr'd  
Because the *Queen* is ill, the Pious Council  
(Curse on their squeamish *English* Appetites)  
At this sad Season can digest no Blood.

*How.* This Secret may be useful to my Friend. [*Aside.*

*Gun.* Thy Friendship thus is cancell'd by the Grave:  
Be wise, and bury thy false Honour there;  
Then mount upon the Tomb, and reach the Prize  
That bends to tempt thee——

*How.* Curs'd Temptation!

Thus I reject thee with a Soldier's Scorn.  
Now witness Heav'n, the Friendship that I bear  
Depends not on the scanty line of Life,  
But twists around all Relatives of *Raleigh*.  
And I must tell thee, mighty as thou art,  
Lord *Gundamor*, that I had rather kill  
Ten Thousand *Spaniards* for a Soldier's Pay,  
Than sell one Grain of Honour for an Empire. [*Exit.*

Gundamor *solus*.

Proud Virtuuous Fool! the first whom I have known  
Of all his Countrymen refuse a Bribe.  
These are the Fruits of *Raleigh's* Discipline ;  
He fills them with the Pride of *Roman* Greatness,  
The Love of Virtue, and Contempt of Danger,  
And nurses future Terrors for our *Spain*.  
But I have still more Engines at Command ;  
While *Salisbury* cries Justice to his Matter,  
*Wade*, under Colour of Officious Service,  
Shall draw new Treasons from his Prisoner's Mouth :  
He loves to talk ——— and that shall be his Snare.  
Yes, spite of him, and all his Factious Brood,  
The Kingdom's Honour, and the publick Good,  
My *Spanish* Plots and Treasure shall succeed,  
And make the Valiant Grey-hair'd Traytor bleed.  
[Exit.



SCENE III. *Lady Raleigh's House.*

*Enter Lady Raleigh.*

Thrice have I try'd to fold my self in Sleep,  
But Heav'n has set a Watch upon my Eyes,  
And bars the courted Guest from entering there.  
It must import — for I have long observ'd,  
When Death or Danger, with a hasty Wing,  
Sped to this wretched House ——— it still was so.  
O! my foreboding Heart! my Lord! my *Raleigh*!  
Perhaps e'en now some cold unwholsome Damp  
(The deadly Inmate of a Prison's Walls,)  
Arrests the vital Current in its Course.  
Or he, now conquer'd by protracted Wrongs ———  
Ungenerous Thought! ——— Forgive me, O my *Raleigh*;  
For



For well I know thy Heart and Fear are Strangers,  
Nor wouldst thou for the World contract the Shame  
Of that base Cowardice, to die unsummon'd.

*Enter Young Raleigh.*

My Son, give Comfort to thy Mother's Heart,  
For sure it wants it much.

*Y. Ra.* What Cause of Grief  
Can rack my Mother's Heart when I am nigh?  
Or has her Son, unconscious of his Guilt,  
Rais'd up this Storm of Sorrow? then direct,  
Direct it all upon this hated Head.

*L. Ra.* Thou art the Light of these declining Eyes,  
My Age's Comfort, and thy House's Guardian.  
But Oh! thou know'st, since first this plighted Hand  
Was to thy Father's given, what Trains of Woe,  
Scene after Scene, successively disastrous,  
Have been the Objects of thy Mother's Eyes.  
I will not say, when absent from my Bed,  
How this fond aking Heart has bled for him;  
How watch'd the thund'ring Mine at Mid-night Sieges,  
Throbb'd in the War, and sicken'd in the Storm.  
But oh! the last, the last decisive Stroke,  
When, warm with Joy of Liberty regain'd,  
He fled the dear Embraces of a Wife,  
For fancied Conquests on the *Indian* Shore.

*Y. Ra.* Thus to recall the Thoughts of past Distress,  
Is adding double Weight to all your Woes.  
Who wou'd wake *sleeping* Grief, or with new Stings  
Arm the dead *Scorpion*, *Care*?

*L. Ra.* I tell thee, Son,  
Green are those Sorrows, and still flourish here.  
Can I forget, that on that luckless Day,  
All that was left us, the sad Remains  
Of ruin'd Fortune, gather'd on a Heap,  
Were sent a Venture to the Winds and Seas?  
Nay, did not Fate encompass all his Friends  
Within the Line of *Raleigh's* Miseries?

*Y. Ra.* Ma-

*Y. Ra.* Madam, 'tis too unkind to wound me so,  
And this Remembrance may be call'd Reproach;  
By all the Ties of Filial Love, no more——

*L. Ra.* Talk'st thou of Filial Love, in such a Strain  
As speaks Command——Heav'ns! I had once a Son——  
Yes, I will picture him, till thy glowing Cheek  
Redden with Shame——These Eyes shall ne'er behold  
A Form so delicate, all other Youths  
Seem'd cold and lifeless Images to him.  
A Soul so rich in Virtue, it chastis'd  
Vice without Speech, and utter'd thro' his Eyes  
Silent Persuasion; in the Field of War  
Cautious as Age, and daring as Despair,  
Yet humble as the Conquer'd when victorious.

*Y. Ra.* I own my Brother's Praise, and would have  
try'd  
To copy the fair Pattern of his Virtues.  
But you——

*L. Ra.* 'Tis true; my Heart conceives thy Meaning;  
I would not let thee try the Chance of War,  
Nor trust ill Fortune, like a Prodigal,  
With all my Store at once. I gave too much,  
When I consented to thy Brother's Death.

*Y. Ra.* You only gave his active Spirit room  
To range at large, and emulate my Sire.  
What tho' he fell? fell in his youthful Bloom?  
Who measures Glory by the Length of Days?

*L. Ra.* 'Twas thus thy Father talk'd; vain empty Words,  
Of Honour, Glory, and immortal Fame.  
Can these recall the Spirit from its Place;  
Or re-inspire the breathless Clay with Life?  
What, tho' your Fame, with all its thousand Trumpets,  
Sound o'er the Sepulchre, will that awake  
The sleeping Dead, and give me back my Son?  
No—no——

*Enter Messenger with a Letter to Young Raleigh.*

*Y. Ra.* O for a Word of Comfort now!

*L. Ra.* Who

*L. Ra.* Who talks of Comfort to a Wretch like me?  
This is the House of Sorrow, here it dwells,  
And multiplies a Race of unblest Children.

*Mef.* I know not what this Letter may contain,  
My Master gave it with an earnest Look,  
And said——the Business spoke its own Excuse. [*Exit.*

[*Y. Ra. reading the Letter.*

*L. Ra.* I read Disorder in thy Face: O speak,  
Speak, my Son: Silence now is Cruelty,  
And musters in my Thoughts a thousand Ills,  
All killing as the worst can be, when known.

*Y. Ra.* My Father——

*L. Ra.* Is dead, you say——

*Y. Ra.* No.

[*Truth.*

*L. Ra.* Blest be the Tongue that spoke so sweet a

*Y. Ra.* He lives, but holds his Life in such suspense,  
He has no Surety for to-morrow's Sun.

Read there——

*L. Ra.* reads.

*Your Father's Death, by the Management of Gunda-  
mor and Salisbury, is this Night determin'd. The  
Execution is delay'd, for a Reason I hope will pre-  
vent any——The only Expedient I can advise is,  
to renew your Addresses to Salisbury's Daughter.*

*Your Friend Howard.*

*L. Ra.* O crooked Politician *Salisbury*!

These are the Triumphs of thy plotted Spleen:  
Deep-thinking Traytor! how does thy false Heart,  
Studious of Mischief, hunting base Revenge,  
Enjoy the Widows Woes, and Orphans Tears!

*Y. Ra.* And must I mix with his infectious Race,  
And take the Daughter from the bloody Hand  
Fresh with the Slaughter of a murder'd Father?  
Are these the Cordials gen'rous *Howard* gives?

*L. Ra.* Lost in the hasty Fore-sight of our Woes,  
The sad Alternative escap'd my Thought.

*Howard* advises well; be thou, my Son,

Th



The Fence betwixt our falling House, and Fate.  
Repent the guilty Rashness of Neglect,  
And court the slighted Maid with humble Vows.  
Assist, contrive, invent, implore,  
Do any thing to save thy Father's Life.

*T. Ra.* All Things that will not mis-become his Son,  
And bring Dishonour on our House and Name.  
No, since the Spring has run untainted yet,  
From its first Flowing to its fullest Stream,  
Let not Pollution stain it in the End.

*L. Ra.* Go: It is no Disgrace to use the Means  
That Providence points out for our Deliv'rance;  
But to reject them, is to tempt the Blow  
To fall with double Weight—Tho' *Salisbury*  
Breaths Wrath, Revenge and Cruelty;  
Yet is the fair *Olympia* good, and pitiful,  
Kind as the Charities of dying Saints,  
And tender as the Vows of parting Friends.  
Haste, and forget that *Salisbury's* her Father.

*T. Ra.* Oh! that I could——

*L. Ra.* Still, still inflexible:  
Hard-hearted Boy——Thou art not sure the Son  
Of *Raleigh's* Blood; this Bosom never bore  
Thy helpless Infancy, nor press'd thy Cheeks  
To these fond Lips, then look'd, and bless'd our Loves,  
And prophesy'd a thousand Joys to come.  
O! I can bear no more——rise up, my Soul,  
In Bitterness of Sorrow——yet I cannot now,  
While I behold that dear Resemblance here!  
How his lov'd Father flatters in his Face.  
Then I must try alone—Resolve, my Son,  
Prevent the Vengeance of a Father's Blood,  
And fear the Curses of a Mother's Wrath,  
A Widow'd Mother——

[Exit.

*T. Ra.* Which way shall I turn?  
If to *Olympia*, I must wrong my Fame,  
And injure her; for tho' she could believe

I can-

I cannot love — to counterfeit is base,  
And cruel too ; dissembl'd Love is like  
The Poison of Perfumes, a killing Sweetness;  
But then, my Father — Oh! those cutting Words,  
A Widow'd Mother, Widow'd by my Crime!  
That, that will ring for ever in my Ears,  
Rise up in Blushes on my guilty Cheek,  
Knock at my Breast, and ask if I'm a Son.

Forgive me then, ye faithful Nymphs and Swains,  
Teach me to look like you, to steal your Pains,  
To make dissembl'd Tears successful start,  
And dropping seem to cool the Love-sick Heart;  
Then when you view me struggling in the Snare  
Of lying Fears, sick Hopes, and false Despair,  
For the sad Tryal let your Pity plead;  
And Heav'n, who made the Cause, excuse the Deed.

[Exit.]



ACT



## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *An Apartment in the Tower.**Sir Walter Raleigh, solus.*

**N**OT yet the Shadows of retreating Night  
 Disperse, nor dawns the Day-spring from on high;  
 And yet I thank thee, Heav'n, I bless thy Pow'r,  
 That has unseal'd my Eyes, and wak'd my Soul  
 To Life, to Action, and to think on thee.  
 There is no Instant in the Tide of Time,  
 But Man may seize, and fill the vacant Space  
 With useful Searches of improving Thought.  
 The Light attracts him with ten thousand Views,  
 Offering her Objects to the Sense unsought,  
 That ask, and court, and press him to be known.  
 Then soon as Night succeeds, the darken'd Air  
 Warns him to sweet Retreat, and silent Musings,  
 That trace the past Ideas thro' the Brain,  
 Now mix, and now divide the various Heap,  
 Then form a-new the separated Kinds,  
 Trying all ways to feed the greedy Soul.  
 Thus even here I'm happy, thus disjoin'd  
 From Poms and Thrones from Camps and noisy War,  
 The boasted Scenes and Glory of my Youth.  
 Well — they are past; this Prison now is all,  
 And this I will enjoy — there's something here,



I never tasted in the Courts of Kings.

*Enter Wade.*

*Wade.* Health to my noble Guest, for such a Name  
Alone becomes the valiant *Raleigh's* Worth:  
The plainer Name of Prisoner should be chang'd,  
When he who wears it, merits not the Shame.

*Sir W. Ra.* How sayst thou? *Flattery* in a Prison too!  
Why then I may be *Envy's* Object still:  
But hear me, where has thy unlucky Tongue  
Learnt this vile Lesson, this unmanly Art?  
Hast been at Court, and seen a fawning Lord  
Watching the Motion of a Favourite's Eye,  
With such an earnest Care as holy Men  
Express in Picture to some darling Saint?

*Wade.* The best Denial is to flatter on. [*Aside,*  
Thou knowest me not; my honest Heart  
Disdains to give, as much as thine to take,  
Such servile Incense, as unjust Applause:  
But when I see the Man, whose long-try'd Faith,  
Whose Virtue, Courage, and superior Merit,  
Have rais'd his Country's Glory to the Sky;  
This Man in spite of Fortune I will praise,  
Yes, I will bless him, tho' a Monarch frown,  
Adore him in the Minute of Disgrace,  
And think his Wrongs his Country's just Reproach.

*Sir W. Ra.* Take heed of this; thy too officious Zeal,  
Or thy Integrity, may cost thee dear:  
I find that I mistook, and now confess  
Thou art indeed unread in Politicks;  
And much a Stranger to the Arts of Courts.  
But know, that Virtue may be Criminal:  
And he who dares to doubt so fair a Truth,  
Sets himself up obnoxious to that Pow'r  
Which makes it so. Again, I say, take heed.

*Wade.* Ill have I learnt the Lessons of the Wise,  
If this false Science must debauch my Mind;

If all the fair Impressions on my Soul,  
By moral Sages taught, must be eras'd,  
And damn'd Hypocrisy usurp the Place.

*Sir W. Ra.* Thou must unlearn the Maxims of thy  
They are no Guides in this corrupted Age. [Youth,  
Go, blot these idle Fancies from thy Brain,  
If e'er thou hop'st to merit a Reward,  
Or rise above the Level of the Crowd.  
But if thou canst possess thy Soul in Peace,  
And, bearing Wrongs, complain to Heav'n alone,  
A Cloyster may become thee, not the World.

*Wade.* 'Tis true, the Court, the City, and the Camp  
Smell rank of Vice; Buffoons, and Parasites  
Make Virtue sick, shaming the modest Ear  
To Deafness: Ev'ry good Man's Fame  
Is wounded, while destroying Calumny  
Feeds, and looks fair, upon the Prey of Honour.  
How often have I heard their saucy Tongues  
Arraign thee in their Mirth, and call thee Traitor?

*Sir W. Ra.* O Reputation! dearer far than Life,  
Thou precious Balm, lovely, sweet of Smell,  
Whose Cordial Drops once spilt by some rash Hand,  
Not all thy Owner's Care, nor the repenting Toil  
Of the rude Spiller, ever can collect  
To its first Purity and native Sweetness.

*Wade.* Oh, the Corruption reaches higher still,  
For now the very Pulpits learn to flatter;  
The grave Divines but look askint to Heav'n,  
Then level all their Rhetorick at the King;  
While he ———

*Sir W. Ra.* Restrain thy mad licentious Tongue.  
Wouldst thou traduce thy Sov'reign in thy Folly;  
And think my Ears can suffer the Reproach?  
Rash Man——I see the Purpose of thy Heart,  
And read *Betrayer* thro' the thin Disguise.  
Thus *Gundamor* and *Cecil* fight their Foes.  
Heav'ns! that the trifling Life of one poor Man

Should

Should be the Cause of so much Guilt in others!  
 Let them plot on——I have a Part within,  
 Their Malice cannot reach——Yes, yes, my Soul,  
 Thou shalt be feasted with a rich Repast;  
 The grave Historian, and the moral Sage,  
 The searching Minds that scorn to be confin'd  
 On this dim Spot, but travel to the Seats  
 Of nobler Beings, and more finish'd Worlds,  
 All call and wait on thee. The Muses Song  
 Breaths near, to temper the fatigue of Thought.  
 Hail blest Companions of my lonely Hours!  
 Better converse whole Ages with the Dead,  
 Pore on a broken Marble, to retrieve  
 A single Letter of a brave Man's Name,  
 Who dy'd at *Marathon*, or *Agencourt*;  
 Than spend one Moment with Deceit and Vice.

[Exit.]

*Wade.* Curse on his Artifice! when I had rais'd  
 His heavy Phlegm, and warm'd it into Motion,  
 When Treason trembl'd on my longing Lips,  
 And my Soul listen'd for an eager Answer,  
 Then to start back, and leave me in the Maze  
 Of my own Folly——O, but I will try  
 New Stratagems. Before it was Reward,  
 Now 'tis Revenge, that pushes me to Guilt.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Another Apartment in the Tower.*

*Enter Cobham, Carew, and Sir Julius Caesar.*

*Cob.* Nay, good Sir *Julius Caesar*, urge me not,  
 I spoke of no Conspiracies, or Plots;  
 We only said the State was dangerous ill,  
 Sick of a wanton Feaver in her Blood,  
 That wanted cooling——This was all we said.



J. C. You speak of many, *Cobham*. Who said so?

*Cob.* A Lord, a mighty Lord; but he is dead.

*Car.* And was that all the Purport of your Meeting? Such distant Talk is ev'ry Subject's Theme: When his ill Humour works, and wants a Vent, His Tongue runs riot, and arraigns his Masters.

J. C. Plain Words are best. Consider, Sir, again, That you have sign'd a Paper with your Name, Accusing *Raleigh* of a horrid Plot.

*Cob.* Heav'n! have I? when? where? to whom? Ha! Death!

Death is an ugly Monster, full of Terror. Oh! how I shrink and shudder at the Sight. See, it comes arm'd along; Sin walks before, Clad in a hideous Robe of various Dyes, And Furies follow with ten thousand Whips. Hide me, good *Cæsar*——

*Car.* These are Stings of Guilt——

Fear not, your Pardon has been long obtain'd.

*Cob.* Am I then pardon'd? Yes, the Fiend retires; Bid its Companion go, that stays behind, And in a Mirror shews a hundred Shapes, All Spectacles of Woe. But why to me, Thou angry Demon? Hence, from these cold Walls, Visit the Golden Gates, and fretted Roofs, Sit heavy on the wicked Statesman's Down, Dislodge the God of Slumber from his Eyes, And tear the rotten Heart of *Salisbury*.

*Car.* These are all Symptoms of a giddy Brain. But *Salisbury's* your Friend, he gave you Life.

*Cob.* He did, you say? then welcome Life again. Could he but season it with proper Joys, With Health, with Innocence, and Peace of Soul, Then *Salisbury* were a mighty God indeed, And *Cobham* would fall down, and worship him.

*Enter*

*Enter Wade.*

*Wade.* These Visits, Sirs, may be of dangerous Weight.  
It is the King's Command that you retire,  
And leave my Pris'ner to my Charge——

*Both.* We obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Cob.* Why should you keep me thus in Solitude?  
Discourse, and sweet Converse with Friends,  
Is all the Balm my sickly Heart desires.  
Beside, I mention'd nothing of the Plot,  
Nothing of *Brook*, or *Raleigh*: How shou'd I?  
Were I a subtle Sprite that sucks the Air,  
And lives on Dew-drops of the misty Morn,  
That whispers Love to Maidens in their Dreams,  
That stands at Starefsmens Elbows in their Closet,  
And dictates Blood and Treason to their Hearts,  
Then I might tell of Plots, Intrigues, and Death,  
Of falling Kingdoms, and of Worlds on Fire.

*Wade.* Peace, idle Mad-man — know, a strict Com-  
mand,

This Day is giv'n, that you restrain your Tongue.  
On this Condition you may still enjoy  
Whate'er the Limits of these Walls afford.  
When Fools, like *Cobham*, Traitors will commence,  
They should turn Mad-men in their own Defence.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE III. *Salisbury's House.*

*Enter Salisbury, Olympia, and Florella.*

*Sal.* So, my *Olympia*, thou art now resolv'd  
To tear this idle Passion from thy Bosom,  
Nor shock thy Father's Fondness by thy Folly

Believe me, Child, were not my Heart and Life  
 Wrapp'd up in thine, and ev'ry Thought of thee  
 Breath'd an uncommon Tenderness of Love;  
 Thy first Offence had cancell'd Nature's Ties,  
 Drove thee an Outcast from my Race and Blood,  
 And left thee to the Curse of Want and Shame.

*Olym.* Why was I made that wretched Thing I am? [Aside.

*Sal.* What means that Sigh that trembl'd on thy  
 Lips?

If e'er thou think'st of *Raleigh's* cursed Race,  
 Let Indignation swell thy Cheek to Rage,  
 Scorn arm thy Brow, and lighten in thy Eyes.  
 Reflect on him, as thy great Father does,  
 As of a Worm of Yesterday, the Child  
 Of angry Fortune, whom she chose in Sport,  
 Toss'd round the World, to make him more her Scorn,  
 And spread his Infamy in ev'ry Clime.

*Olym.* Forgive me, Sir, if I have heard from Fame  
 That once a Friendship, stronger than the Love  
 Of Woman, fasten'd your united Hearts.  
 Can Hatred flourish from so sweet a Root?

*Sal.* 'Tis true, I nurs'd his Infancy of Greatness,  
 'Till he grew warm in Confidence of Pow'r,  
 And dar'd to climb alone; then I stood forth,  
 And crush'd the Folly of my own Formation.

*Olym.* I know not how, but sure methinks I took  
 The first Impressions of a kind Regard,  
 To this unhappy House, from *Cecil's* Blood.  
 Allow me time to wear away the Taint,  
 Which, as my Birth-right, I receiv'd from you.  
 Think but what Intervals must lie between  
 Extremes of Hatred, and Extremes of Love,  
 Nor fancy that the sweet and salted Wave  
 Are ever parted by a single Line.

*Sal.* Thou hast prevail'd; this Day shall be thy own;  
 But I do grant it with a Miser's Heart,

And



And in the Act of giving wish it back. [Exit.]

*Olym.* A Day, a single Day! O poor *Olympia*!  
Can a Sun's Journey measure thy Account  
Of endless Love! O Niggard, cruel Father!  
All other Things have stated Space of time,  
To work their Periods, and attain their Ends:  
Business is lost, or finish'd, in a Day;  
Wealth, Honour, Wisdom are the Growth of Time,  
But Love is only at one Instant born,  
And knows no Limit to confine its Life:  
Ev'n at the Gate of Death, the seeming Date  
Of our Duration, Love looks forward still,  
And promises ten thousand Years to come.

*Flor.* Complain not, Madam; for Almighty Love  
Works Miracles; at once begins and ends.  
Rather improve the Minutes which are left,  
And, while your Father's Absence gives you leave,  
Prepare to meet the long-expected Youth.

*Olym.* Alas, *Florella*, tell me so no more;  
Four Moons already have I sigh'd alone,  
And with repeated Prayers invok'd his Name;  
But he, or deaf, or fearful of our Fates,  
Shuns the sad Triumph of his conquering Eyes.

*Flor.* Suppose he came, suppose *Florella* knew  
He hastens to thee with a Lover's Pace.

*Olym.* Suppose! thou dearest Child of flattering Hope,  
Big with Delight, and prodigal of Bliss;  
Shall I embrace thee with a Mother's Fondness?  
No, Thou art set at Distance from my Eyes,  
And it were Madness but to wish thee near.

*Flor.* Forgive the Cruelty that check'd thy Joys;  
And see the promis'd Blessing is at Hand.

*Enter young Raleigh.*

*Olym.* 'Tis he indeed--- Support me, dear *Florella*!

*T. Ra.* When Beauty languishes, the Taint becomes

A general Evil, and the sinking Fair  
Has Power to sadden ev'ry Object nigh.

*Olym.* No, *Raleigh*! poor *Olympia* has no Charms;  
What once there was (if any once there were)  
Are lost in pining Grief, and hapless Love. [Sighs.

*Flor.* I am too near a Witness of the Truth,  
The sad Accomptant of the joyless Days,  
The wakeful Nights, the sudden bursting Sighs,  
The trembling Nerves, and endless Floods of Tears;  
And thou the Cause of all, proud cruel *Raleigh*.

[Unveils her.

Behold the precious Spoils of thy Disdain.

*Y. Ra.* What a rich Feast the canker Grief has made!

[Looking at her.

How has it suck'd the Roses of thy Cheeks,  
And drank the liquid Chrystal of thy Eyes!  
Love sure will once a cruel Reck'ning make  
With that rash Heart, that scorn'd his noblest Prize.

*Olym.* The Debt is thine, — but much may he forgive,  
On a relentless rigid Father's Score.

*Y. Ra.* Indeed we're both unhappy in our Fathers.

*Olym.* Thine is beyond the reach of Fortune's Pow'r,  
And mipe, I fear, abuses it too much.

*Y. Ra.* If still to persecute the Sons of Woe,  
And hunt lodg'd Sorrow from its last Retreat,  
A poor base Prison, to a bloody Death,  
If this be lawless Pow'r ——— this *Cecil* does,  
Does to his Blood his Daughter says she loves.

*Olym.* 'Tis a hard Tryal--- but it must be made ——— [Aside.

Scatter the Shades that hang upon thy Brow,  
Look kindly, Youth, and kindle up my Soul,  
To prove that Love is stronger than Revenge.

*Y. Ra.* What canst thou do against the Streams of  
Wrath,

The Plots of *Gundamor*, and Wealth of *Spain*?

*Olym.* I know the Fondness of my Father's Heart,  
And

And I will try and pierce it to the quick;  
Yes, he shall feel the Force of Woman's Tears;  
These Hands shall hold him, on these wretched Knees,  
Dragg'd, wounded, torn, I will pursue him still;  
No Sound shall reach him, but repeated Cries  
Of Mercy, Mercy, till his Soul relents,  
In kind Compliance with his Daughter's Voice.

*Y. Ra.* The Breath of soft Persuasion warm thy Lips!

*Oly.* But wilt thou then be wond'rous kind, and love?

*Y. Ra.* O my Soul longs and sickens for the Hour,  
Till Fate and Honour give it leave to love;  
Till thy blest Tongue has charm'd thy Father's Wrath;  
Then I would fly with Eagerness of Joy,  
Kneel at thy Feet, and print the sacred Truth  
With untold Kisses on thy saving Hand.

*Olym.* Heav'n whispers me the Minute comes apace.  
Then, in remembrance of *Olympia's* Vow,  
Go, wipe away the dew of Grief, that hangs  
On the sad Relatives of *Raleigh's* Blood.

And now, ye faithful Lovers Shades of old,  
Whose Spirits once inform'd the Female Mould;  
Who, for the Charms of some successful Youth,  
Have prov'd blest Miracles of Love and Truth;  
Descend, and give, ye Fair Celestial Throng,  
Fire to my Heart, and Musick to my Tongue:  
So be it said, since *Greece* and *Rome* decay'd,  
Their Deeds are equal'd by an *English* Maid. [*Exeunt.*]







## ACT III. SCENE I.

## SCENE in the Tower.

*Enter Howard and Wade.*

*How.* NOT see him! --- By the Ghosts of all our  
Friends,  
Who dy'd for Glory on *Guiana's* Shore,  
I must, I will embrace the Man I love.

*Wade.* Thy self a Pris'ner, and thy Friend a Slave,  
Worse than a shackel'd Slave, a Wretch condemn'd!  
Are these Encouragements for mighty Words,  
Or windy Speeches of imperious Will?

*How.* But I will talk, thou idle Tool of State;  
Have we traced Nature to her utmost Line,  
And join'd new Nations to the Queen of Isles,  
To be thus caged, and bark'd at by a Dog? (Spoils;

*Wade.* Yes, you have fill'd your Hands with foreign  
And if you fought, you have your own Reward.

*How.* Ill-judging Instrument of lawful Pow'r!  
Thou canst command when Danger is not near,  
And walk the tame and lazy Round of Peace.  
But dar'st thou search thy Foe, or free thy Friend,  
Thro' Blood and Horror in the Sweet of War;  
Wouldst thou not wish for these protecting Gates,  
Long for the lowest Cell in all this Shop  
Of Darkness, to conceal thy coward Paleness?

*Wade.* What e'er you think yourselves, your mighty  
Proud Voyager, are not approv'd at Home. (Deeds,

*How.*

*How.* Thus it has ever been: when gen'rous Breasts  
Swell with an Enterprize of high Exploits,  
Some homebred Faction hinders the Success;  
Then Envy rouses Rumour from her Cave,  
Who, thro' the loud-tongu'd Pipe of false Report,  
Spreads Damps and Weakness o'er the Minds of Men,  
'Till publick Good is lost in private Fears:  
Else, great *Eliza!* strange remoter Lands,  
Than that distinguish'd by thy Virgin Name,  
Had wore the Title of the Maiden Queen.

*Wade.* A Seaman's Vanity, and Chymist's Hopes,  
Are likely Means to make a Nation great!

*How.* A Sword! a Sword! some Instrument of Death,  
To curb his Tongue, and sweeten just Revenge!  
Desert me, Heav'n! in ev'ry other Cause,  
Unbrace my Sinews in the Field of Death,  
Wither my Strength, and let my Faulchion fall  
Guiltless of Blood upon my sinking Foe!  
But now supply me, when my Friend is wrong'd.

*Wade.* My quick Return shall answer your Request.

[Exit.]

*How.* Will he! ---- and can a Villain be so brave?  
He may. ---- For often Vice, provok'd to Shame,  
Borrows the Colour of a virtuous Deed.  
Thus Libertines are chaste, and Misers good,  
A Coward valiant, and a Priest sincere.  
Now if he come on any Terms like these,  
I thank thee, *Gundamor*, for all my Wrongs.

*Enter Wade with Guards.*

*Wade.* There, seize the Pris'ner, lead him to his Place,  
Where he may vent his Spleen, and Rage alone,  
Till the loud Eccho of his own rash Tongue  
Shame him to Madness.

*How.* Insulting Coward!

Damn'd

Damn'd Hypocrite! is this the promis'd Sword?  
 Or hast thou yet one low Evasion left;  
 (For Fear and Baseness never want such Arms)  
 To save thy Honour, and retract thy Words?  
 Do, dear Dissembler, damn thy self at once;  
 Deny thy Promise. —————

*Wade.* I care not what I said,  
 Nor can remember it.

*How.* 'Tis well for thee.  
 Thou hast the safest Refuge for thy Guilt,  
 The stupid Calm of unrepenting Sin;  
 But Memory would awake the sleepy Storm,  
 And lose thee in a Hurricane of Thought.  
 But hear me, Keeper; if this Arm of mine  
 Be free to wield its well-accustom'd Sword,  
 And thou, or any of thy Race, survive  
 That Day of Freedom, they shall wish and pray  
 That *Howard* could forget, as well thee.

*Wade.* Away, away; the present Hour is mine,  
 And I'll trust Fortune with my future Fears.

[*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE II.

*Gundamor, Salisbury.*

*Gund.* My Lord, my Lord, the Traitor *Raleigh* lives,  
 Lives after certain Promises of Death,  
 To shame my Master, and abuse my Trust.

*Sal.* My Lord Ambassador, your Wisdom knows  
 That in the fairest Line of Politics,  
 Some Incident may turn the flowing Points  
 Awhile, to deviate from the purpos'd End;  
 But that remov'd, the most discerning Eye

Scarce



Scarce sees the Stop, none judges of the Cause.  
 So is it now with us in our Design,  
 The circumstance of Things, not we, are chang'd,  
 Beside, the Means are ever in our Hands,  
 And his Confinement barrs all distant Fears.

*Gun.* And yet th' imprison'd Bird, once flesh'd with  
 Prey,

Changes not Nature by his close Restraint,  
 His Plumage grows, and he may wing abroad,  
 As once before, at that fair Quarry, *Spain*.

*Sal.* Worn and consum'd with studious Sloth and  
 Age,

What can he meditate, or what perform,  
 To touch the Pow'r of thy Imperial Lord?

*Gun.* And yet I'd give a Province for his Head.

*Sal.* I know not how he grows so terrible  
 To Foreign Lands, and so despis'd at home.

*Gun.* Because they know him better, who have  
 felt

The Terror of his Councils, and his Arms.  
 The Striker oft forgets the Blow he gave,  
 But the Wound rankles in the Sufferer's Blood,  
 And quickens ev'ry sense to just Revenge.

The Wealth of Nations lost, or taught to flow  
 In different Channels from its native Source,  
 Whole Countries plunder'd, and *Armadas* sunk,  
 Leave deep Impressions on a *Spaniard's* Mind.

Indeed it moves old *Gundamor*, to hear  
 My Friend, my good Friend *Cecil*, plead for him.

*Sal.* May my Tongue lose her Faculty of Speech,  
 Cleave to the Roof, and stiffen in my Throat,  
 Sooner than utter one unwary Sound  
 For that vile Traitor's Life! But good my Lord,  
 There is a time when Princes must be deaf  
 To ev'ry Call but One——

*Gun.*

*Gun.* I find it so,  
 'This Deafness now is grown a catching Sickness,  
 It reaches *Spain*; my Master too is deaf;  
 And tho' the loudest Minister at Court  
 Should cry an *English* Marriage in his Ear,  
 He cannot hear one Word.

*Sal.* Dear *Gundamor*,  
 I hope you speak in Mirth,

*Gun.* 'Tis sacred Truth,  
 Howe'er unfashion'd in the Dress of Words;  
 The Treaty ends, if he but live one Day.

*Sal.* Then he must fall; and for that happy end,  
 Thus fashion we the Subject of our wishes,  
 The first Alarm be yours, in Terms as high,  
 As strong, as positive as *Spain* can speak.  
 Then I, with seeming Discontent of Mind,  
 Mix'd with the Praises of his Worth and Virtues,  
 Will at the last reluctantly submit

A private Injury to the publick Good:  
 For that's the surest Mask for Statesmens Wrongs.

*Gun.* Now thou art honest *Salisbury* again,  
 And I could hug thee to this ancient Bosom,  
 'Till part of thy quick Spirit were transfus'd,  
 To warm and actuate the Soul of *Gundamor*.  
 But no relenting, noble Lord, no Stay:  
 The Life and Soul of Business is Dispatch.

*Sal.* It shall be finish'd —

*Gun.* Give me then your Hand.

[*Putts a Ring on his Finger.*]

This be the Token of our plighted Loves,  
 The Seal of *Ralph's* Fate — You will remember  
 I'll to your Master, and begin the Work.

*Sal.* You would no more?

*Gun.* Only remember me —

[*Pointing to his Finger.*]

[*Exit.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Wade, hastily.*

*Sal.* So, good Lieutenant; why this hasty Pace,  
And look of Care?—

*Wade.* My Lord, the big-mouth'd Captain,  
Whom you this Day committed to my Charge,  
Wants to see *Raleigh*; hence he threatens, raves,  
And curses more than Sailors in a Storm.  
I fear some bloody Business may ensue,  
If we detain him longer from his Friend.

*Sal.* Why let him see him, stare away his Senses,  
If so he pleases, at his Brother-Savage.  
But *Cecil* swears he visits him no more.

*Wade.* Ha! no more!—

*Sal.* Nay, wonder not Lieutenant.  
The Warrant shall be sign'd for Blood to Day.  
Attend me; in the way we may discourse  
The circumstance of Things, of Time, and Place.

*Wade.* Never more gladly— O, might I survey  
Old *Howard* dye too on this happy Day,  
Then I wou'd bid my troubl'd Spirit rest,  
And in a double Death be doubly blest.

[*Exeunt.*]



### SCENE III. *Lady Raleigh's Apartment.*

*Enter Lady Raleigh and Young Raleigh.*

*L. R.* With doubtful Fearfulness, and anxious  
Hope,  
I fain would ask, what yet I dread to know:  
Like one condemn'd, whose Fate is cast on Chance,  
Blindfold



Blindfold he throws the Lott, and dares not look,  
 Tho' longing, on the turn of Life or Death.  
 Yet softly, to our Woes—— Is *Olympia* kind?

*Y. Ra.* That Heav'nly Bosom is the Seat of Kindness,  
 There soft Indulgence and Forgiveness dwell,  
 And Blessings multiply with constant Growth.

*L. Ra.* Such Thanks as Slaves redeem'd from Bondage give,  
 Such Vows as Love recover'd from Despair  
 Breaths forth in ecstasy of rapt'rous Joy,  
 Receive from these warm Lips, O Lovely Maid!  
 I am that Slave, from Chains by thee redeem'd;  
 That Love, by thee recover'd from Despair.  
 My Son, why dwells that Sadness on thy Brow;  
 Why joins not thy exulting Voice with mine,  
 In Blessings on the dear Deliverer's Head?

*Y. Ra.* O, I could bless her at the dawn of Light,  
 And with the Morning Fragrance mix her Name,  
 Invoke her in the thirsty Noon-Day heat,  
 And cheer the sober Evening with her Praise.  
 But I am sick and lost; cold chilling Damps,  
 And raging Flames, alternate Tyrants, sway  
 This wretched Breast: I Love, and fear to Love.

*L. Ra.* O happy Change! I dar'd not hope so much.

*Y. Ra.* With all his Strength and Resolution arm'd,  
 See what a weak defenceless thing is Man,  
 When Love and Virtue, in a Woman's Form  
 United, bid the Boaster to the Field.  
 One glance of Pity, one half-dropping Tear,  
 Disarms his Anger, melts his stubborn Scorn,  
 And turns the Tyrant to a Coward Boy.  
 But if she talks, and vows, and promises,  
*Hypocrisie* it self grows sick of feigning,  
 Flings off the cumbrous Cloak of Form and Shew,  
 And opens all the Heart for mighty Love:  
 Such is the Snare, in which, by your Request,  
 Your Son is lost.

*L. R.*

*L. Ra.* Is not thy Father fav'd?

*Y. Ra.* Yes, yes; I fear *Olympia* has prevail'd.

*L. Ra.* Is then the great Event but doubtful still?  
And wilt thou damp it with thy impious Wish?  
Is the soft Advocate of Life and Peace  
Pleading my *Raleigh's* Cause for me, for thee,  
Ungrateful Boy, and this the sweet Return?  
You Fear she has prevail'd; and if you fear,  
You wish it not; there is no middle Line,  
To part thy impious Fear, and bloody Wish.

*Y. Ra.* Alas! you know not what I fear or wish:  
May Heav'n correct me in its day of Wrath!  
If that unhallow'd Thought has stain'd my Heart.  
To wish it, were to shock creating Nature,  
And bid her say——this Monster is not mine.

*L. Ra.* What fear'st thou then? Speak, for thy Mother hears

All thy Complainings through Compassion's Ear.

*Y. Ra.* Had you but seen the sad *Olympia's* Eyes,  
Heard in what Accents she bemoan'd our Woes,  
And with what eagerness of daring Love  
She vow'd Redress, you could not surely ask  
The Reason of my Fears; since if by Her he lives,  
My Father may grow cruel in his turn,  
And shock the quiet of my Soul for ever.

*L. Ra.* Vex not thy Bosom with so vain a Care.  
Consider, he who knows the rate of Life,  
Knows how to value the bestowing Hand.

*Y. Ra.* A Bounty undesir'd contracts no Debt,  
And his great Soul may think it a Disgrace.

*L. Ra.* Love, strong in Wish, is weak in Reason, still  
Forming a thousand Ills which ne'er shall be:  
And, like a Coward, kills it self to-day,  
With fancied Grief, for fear it die to-morrow.  
Reflect on me, am I so worthless grown,  
Or so divided from a Wife's Esteem,

As to want Pow'r to reconcile his Heart?  
 Will he look cold, or turn away his Ear,  
 When I, whom his sad Fortune sunk in Sorrow,  
 Sue for the Pledge of our unspotted Loves?  
 Or if my Voice is weak, let *Howard* try,  
 And justify the Deed himself advis'd.

*Y. Ra.* The Storm is o'er, and all is calm again.

*L. Ra.* Then, while I thank the Gracious Pow'r on high,  
 Pursue the Prospect of thy growing Hopes,  
 Repeat thy Looks, thy Wishes, and thy Vows:  
 For constant Kindness is the surest Charm,  
 And Danger dares not stir, when Love is warm.

[*Exeunt.*]



## S C E N E IV. *In the Tower.*

*Enter Sir Walter Raleigh, and Howard.*

*Sir W. Ra.* Welcome, my Friend, thou bravely honest Man,

In ev'ry turn of Fortune still the same!

*How.* Indeed I have been so——

*Sir W. Ra.* Why, art thou chang'd?

*How.* No; but it grieves me to my inmost Soul,  
 To think there lives such Baseness unchastiz'd,  
 That could conceive me——

*Sir W. Ra.* What?

*How.* A Villain!

A Villain to my Friend; to thee, my *Raleigh*!

*Sir W. Ra.* Vice in a flat'ring Mirrour views Mankind,  
 Judging of others from its own Similitude.  
 The Good are few, and known to fewer still:  
 And Rogues believe us not, Temptation-proof

Till



Till they have try'd us ———

*How* But canst thou yet suppose  
*England's* Imperial Flag, the Naval Sign,  
 To which all Nations of the World pay Homage,  
 The proffer'd Price of Treach'ry to my Friend?  
 Proffer'd by that vile Statesman *Gundamor*.

I need not tell thee how I scorn'd the Bribe,  
 For which this Prison, and thy Presence, are,  
 I thank him, Favours, which he meant Affronts.

*Sir W. Ra.* Thank Heav'n, that in the Nakedness of  
 Has left me still one gen'rous virtuous Friend, [Woe,  
 A Comfort haughty *Cecil* cannot know.

Blush not, good *Howard*, if I swear I think  
 That thou and Honour were Twin-Brothers born,  
 And when thou diest, that must sicken too——

How many, who prophane that sacred Name  
 With outward Show, and Countenance of Worth,  
 Would sell their Birth-right, sacrifice their Faith,  
 Bring Wives and Daughters to Pollution's Bed,  
 For half the Price thy Honesty despis'd!

*How.* What I have done, thy own Example taught.  
 You knew the strong Conspiracy at home,  
 Resolv'd to pluck declining Fortune down.  
 Yet we, to keep your promis'd Faith, return'd,  
 To meet Oppression, and embrace ill Fate.

*Sir W. Ra.* The Gage of Honour was in *England* thrown,  
 And had we stretch'd beyond the crooked Year  
 And *Solar way*, yet at our Country's Call,  
 We must have plung'd thro' Darkness and Despair,  
 To vindicate the Pledge we left behind.

*How.* Why are we punish'd then, or why re-  
 proach'd?

Or whence does *Gundamor's* presaging Voice  
 Pronounce thy Doom, and mark the bloody Day,  
 Soon as the *Queen* recovers, or expires?

*Sir W. Ra.* Let it come when it will, I stand prepar'd.  
 The little Intervals of Time, and Form

May make it more expected, not more fear'd.

*How.* Yet Reason, Sense, and Nature's eldest Law,  
Join'd with the Charities of Social Love,  
The tender Names of Daughter, Son, and Wife,  
All warn us to decline approaching Death.

*Sir W. Ra.* Think not I hold that vain *Philosophy*  
Of proud *Indifference*, that pretends to look  
On Pain and Pleasure with an equal Eye.

To *Be*, is better far than *Not to Be*,  
Else Nature cheated us in our Formation.  
And when we *are*, the sweet Delusion wears  
Such various Charms and Prospects of Delight,  
That what we could not *Will*, we make our *Choice*,  
Desirous to prolong the Life she gave.

Mad-men, and Fools may hurry o'er the Scene,  
The wise Man walks an easy, sober Pace;  
And tho' he sees one Precipice for all,  
Declines the fatal Brink, oft looking back  
On what he leaves, and thinking where he falls.

*How.* From thy own Words convinc'd, look back  
again.

One Bar already lies in *Cecil's* way,  
Which yet must be a Secret in my Breast  
Till ripe enough for thee——You'll trust it there?

*Sir W. Ra.* Trust thee! Thou richest Mine of Faith  
and Truth,

Trust thee with ev'ry Thought my Soul conceives:  
You said that *Gundamor* had mark'd the *Time*.

I know the cunning Politician well,  
His dark Designs, and Subtilty of Thought;

Yet there the *Spaniard* has o'er-shot his Mark,  
And in his fond Extravagance of Wit,  
Perhaps undone the Knot he has been winding.

*How.* How! Speak, *Raleigh*.

*Sir W. Ra.* I wish thy Freedom now,  
Then I should hope my Sovereign *Queen* might know  
The Midnight Toils and Travels of this Brain,  
That oft has robb'd the flow'ry Plant of Life,

And

And gave its Colour to the fading Cheek.  
*Health* lurks in Mines, distils from spicy Trees,  
 Flows in the Waves, and glitters on the Rock:  
 Why then, since Nature spreads her Stores to all,  
 May we not make some secret Share our own?

*How.* This Minute Liberty is worth a Crime,  
 I will be free——

*Sir W. Ra.* Forbear; the Keeper comes——

*How.* Curse on his now unseasonable Visit.

*Enter Wade.*

*Wade.* *Sir Walter*, tho' your Heart suspects my Love,  
 You know the Duty of my Charge and Trust.  
 This brings me, an unwilling Messenger,  
 (Heav'n knows !) to tell you, you must die to Day.

*Sir W. Ra.* To Day!—— then I shall live more  
 free to Night.

*How.* Confusion! now I dare not tell the Scare  
 I laid for *Salisbury*, by his Gallant Son. [*Aside.*  
 Ill-boding Raven, croaking Bird of Prey,  
 Are the Notes spent, are all the Dirges sung?  
 Dost not thou Scent my Blood and Carnage too?

*Wade.* I have no more to say——

*Sir W. Ra. Howard*, be calm,  
 Lose not thy Virtue for his Master's Faults:  
 Must thou grow mad on ev'ry moody Day,  
 That *Gundamor* works *Cecil's* Soul to Mischief?

*How.* My Tongue is mute,——but O my Heart  
 Bleeds inward!

*Sir W. Ra.* O, Death! I've sought thee in the list'd  
 Feild,

'Midst shouting Squadrons, and embattell'd Hosts  
 Pursu'd thee in the Noon-day Sweat of War,  
 And listen'd for thee on the Midnight Watch.  
 In frozen Regions, and in Sun-burnt Climes;  
 In Winds, in Tempests, and in troubl'd Seas,



In ev'ry Element I sought — But thou  
 Hast shunn'd the Searcher in each dangerous Path,  
 Spar'd him in Seas, in Battles, and in Storms;  
 To seize the weary Wanderer at his Rest,  
 And sink him in the Coward Arms of Peace.  
 Who, Providence, shall mark thy secret Ways,  
 Measure thy Wisdom, or dispute thy Pow'r?

*Wade.* I hope, Sir *Walter* —

*How.* Peace, saucy Babler.

*Sir W. Ra.* Hear him; his Look a careful Kindness bears.  
 Speak soon, for I have things of high import,  
 That ask for Solitude, and private Thought.

*Wade.* As you have liv'd renown'd, so die renown'd,  
 And after Death be still distinguish'd more.  
 Your Grave secreted from the Vulgar Urns,  
 Your Ashes honour'd, that succeeding Times  
 May mark the Place with Reverence.

*Sir W. Ra.* Idle Care,  
 Posthumous Vanity of foolish Man!  
 Can Pomp and Pride make difference in our Dust?

Go, cast a curious Look on *Helen's Tomb*;  
 Do *Roses* flourish there, or *Myrtles* bloom?  
 The mighty *Alexander's* Grave survey;  
 See, is there ought uncommon in the Clay?  
 Shines the Earth brighter round it, to declare  
 The Glorious Robber of the World there lies?  
 What, *Egypt*, do thy *Pyramids* comprize?  
 What Greatness in the high-rai'd Folly lies?  
 The Line of *Ninus* this poor Comfort brings,  
 We sell their Dust, and traffick for their Kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Hall in Salisbury's House.**Salisbury solus.*

**C**URSE on the Statesman's Grave who married first,  
 Debauching the pure Stream of Politicks,  
 With the base mixture of Connubial Love.  
*O Rome, wise Rome*; thy nobler Genius scorns  
 These little ties of fond Humanity.  
 Fearing that Nature might o'er-rule thy Sons,  
 You check that Fear, and o'er-rule Nature first.  
 Hence no Affection, no Remorse controuls  
 Thy Statesmen's Hands, no tender look of Love  
 Disarms thy holy Butchers in their Wrath.  
 Had I not wedded—I had had no Children,  
 No lawfully endearing Name of Daughter,  
 To tear my Heart-strings, and disgrace my Age.

*Enter Gundamor.*

*Gun.* You seem disturb'd, my Lord, now when our  
 Joys  
 Should rise at highest, like encount'ring Tides,  
 Meeting each other with a strong Embrace,  
 And murmuring o'er the Wreck our Anger made.

D. 4

*Sal.*

*Sal.* [*not minding.*] Sure Nature form'd all Women  
for our shame,  
Perverse of Will, and obstinate in Wrong.  
Where Law and Custom give 'em no Pretence,  
Their curious Tempers and their Passions drive  
The weakest Sex to do the greatest Ills,  
And mar and spoil all Mischief but their own.

*Gun.* He talks of Women, Wrongs, and Mischief,  
The *English* Topicks of neglected Love.  
How much Mens Passions vary with their Climes!  
The *Spaniard* cloaks his Injuries in Smiles,  
Till fair Occasion prompts him to Revenge,  
And Life or Honour pay the Debt of Scorn. [*Aside.*  
*Cecil*, unlock thy Bosom to thy Friend;  
I know the Windings of the subtle Sex,  
And have a Clue to every Maze they tread.

*Sal.* Can'st thou mould Nature new, or change  
The pre-determin'd Qualities of Things,  
Bid sweet taste bitter, and the bitter sweet;  
Turn Hatred into Love, and Love to Hate,  
And make me curse my Daughter, my Daughter?

*Gun.* What Cause, my Lord——

*Sal.* *Raleigh's* Life is sav'd,  
The Warrant is revok'd, by her revok'd,  
To please her sickly Appetite, that chose  
(Damn'd fatal Choice!) his Issue for a Lover.

*Gun.* Shame on the Father's Age, that gave Consent,  
Suff'ring the Fruit of sixteen Winters Growth,  
Just at the Point of ripening time, to fall  
Faded and blasted by a Woman's Breath.  
Were there not Baits enough, to lure her Eye  
From one poor Object? where were all the Snares  
Of Splendor, Title, Vanity and Show,  
That catch their Eyes, and blind the Sex to Dotage?  
Should wayward Children thus be pleas'd in *Spain*,  
None but old Matrons, Shadows of the Sex,  
Were left to walk the sacred Cloyster round,

Frighing



Frighting each other o'er the Midnight Lamps,  
And half the Saints that Tyrant Fathers made,  
Were blotted from the List of Holy Church.

*Sal.* All is not lost, my Lord; my lab'ring Thought  
Teems with a Project of more certain Ruin,  
That saves our Fame, while it defeats his Friends,  
And mocks e'en Pity in the Traitor's Fall.

*Gun.* The dying Queen — that Thought has long  
been mine,  
But Judgment check'd it at a second View,  
As doubtful of Event. When Pow'r can kill,  
Who would trust Fortune with the wav'ring Bait  
Of accidental Honour, or Disgrace?

*Sal.* E'en now the learned Consultation broke,  
The Leeches gave the customary Sign  
Of Death, and shook their careful Heads,  
In Pity to the Frame they could not mend.  
And yet his well-known Vanity will try  
His Chymick Skill, where Art and Science fail.  
By this he perishes, and gives the Means  
To stir the People, and incense the King,  
While the Queen's Murder is the general Cry.

*Gund.* 'Tis plausible; and if he should prevail,  
Yet many Doors are open to his Fate;  
Transfer the Honour to another's Hand,  
Or swear 'twas Magick, and condemn him so.

*Sal.* Here comes Sir *Julius Cæsar*; he shall go  
The Messenger of Mischief to his Friend.

*Enter Sir Julius Cæsar.*

*Sal.* You come, Sir *Julius*, in a happy Hour,  
To cure the Fears of a distracted State.  
The good desponding Queen asks *Raleigh's* Aid;  
All other Arts are try'd; but he, you know,  
Boasts Secrets, that cut short the Wings of Fate,  
Arrest the flying Spirit in its Course,

And

And reconcile it to its House of Clay.

J. C. I came to move the Question to your Ear,  
And hear with Joy your Wishes run with mine.

Gun. Who knows where Nature hides her various  
Gifts?

Not all who search her, find her wond'rous Ways.  
Tell him, good *Cesar*, that my friendly Voice  
Has added to the Weight of *Cecil's* Love.

J. C. I go, my Lords. Impatience wings my Way.  
No Minutes must be lost, when Monarch's stay.

[Exit.

Sal. Blind, blind Effects of fond Credulity,  
That measures Things by the deceiving Line  
Of its own Wishes! ——— Be it ever so  
With all our Foes.

Gun. I add another Pray'r!  
Now Death be busy in the Pois'ner's Hand,  
Exalt each liquid Drop with subtle Flame,  
To rack and torture the despairing Frame;  
Till dying Groans shall eccho round the Bed;  
And the last Sound be heard, --- The Traitor's Head.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Olympia and Florella.*

Olym. Indulgent Heav'n has answer'd all my Pray'rs,  
In *Raleigh's* Freedom; now the promis'd Vows  
Of the dear Youth their own Completion bring.  
O Love! what Miracles by thee are wrought;  
How dost thou mix thy Causes, in one Day  
Crowding the Woes and Happiness of Years!  
All Passions that divide the Humane Breast,

Sink

Sink it in Sorrow, or exalt with Joy,  
 Hope, Anguish, Transport, Anger, Fear,  
 All have reign'd here within that scanty Space.  
 Let this suffice, imperious Deity  
 Be all my future View one bright Serene,  
 One lengthen'd Sunshine of unspotted Bliss,  
 Where Fear no Damps, where Sorrow casts no Shade.

*Flor.* Bless 'em, ye Pow'rs, who guard the Virtuous  
 With gentle Concord and harmonious Love. (Flames,  
 Spring new Delights with ever-flowing Sweets,  
 And, gather'd, grow with multiply'd Encrease.

*Olym.* Kind, kind *Florella*,—but why stay we here,  
 Wasting the precious Hours in empty Wishes;  
 Wishes, the last remotest Line of Love?  
 Those are faint Blessings, swallow'd up and lost  
 In the wide Bosom of approaching Joys.  
 Come, let us seek the Presence of the Youth,  
 There count our Wonders and renew our Faith.  
 Tell how, as sinking Resolution fail'd,  
 The Father's o'er the Statesman's Heart prevail'd;  
 The Tale will please him from the Teller more,  
 And Love for Love return'd, shall quit the Score.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Howard, and Sir Julius Caesar.*

*J. C.* By Heav'n, 'tis wonderful! the Cordial Drops  
 No sooner reach'd the nobler Seats of Life  
 But the chill Blood renew'd its Purple Way,  
 The Pulse beat Vigour, and the waken'd Sense  
 Look'd forth, and darted Lustre from her Eye.

*How.* I met the joyful News, it swell'd my Heart  
 To such uncommon Rapture, that I fear'd  
 Excess of Pleasure would undo it self.  
 Then thrice I drew the Goblet to my Lips,  
 And thrice I dry'd it to my *Raleigh's* Health.  
 Now, now, if any Sight could check my Haste  
 To meet my Friend's Embrace, 'twere *Gundamor*.

*J. C.*



*J. C.* See there your Wish——

*How.* How crest-fall'n they look,  
Like baffl'd Dæmons, when some friendly Spirit  
Allays the Tempest that their Malice rais'd,  
And wafts the threatn'd Vessel safe to Land.  
It were a Loss my Soul cou'd not forgive,  
If I forbore the Triumph of my Joy.

*J. C.* 'Tis better lost than made; a silent Scorn  
Works artfully unseen, provoking none.

*How.* Did they act so with me? was it a Mark  
Of inward Spleen, to be confin'd, expos'd,  
Worried, and baited, by their Blood-hound Guard?  
Come *Cæsar* then, be wise another Day;  
A chearful Madness best agrees with this. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Salisbury, and Gundamor.*

*Sal.* Shining again at Court, my mortal Foe!  
Whose Life, but Yesterday, I held so lost,  
As if unworthy of Oppression's Heel  
To sink it lower——he makes haste to Glory,  
Like Light he shoots, that the Beholder's Eye  
Scarce marks the rapid Stages of his Progress;  
And while he says, From yonder Point it flew,  
The Light is past him——

*Gun.* Curse on the Description!  
I saw him circl'd by a servile Crowd,  
The Minions all ambitious of his View:  
Whilst he as stily disregardless stood,  
As Greatness were his old, familiar Friend,  
Tho' he and Infamy shook Hands this Morning.

*Sal.* Ay, that he calls his best Philosophy;  
That inward Pride that to it self pays Homage.  
Believe me, no poor Madman, in his Cell,  
Whom his own giddy Fancy makes a King,  
So much admires the Phantoms of his Brain  
As these Philosophers of *Raleigh's* Sect.

See

See how they cringe, and bow, and flatter there.  
By Heaven I cannot bear it.

[*Exi*

*Gun.* 'Tis he: My Nerves take Warning at his  
fight;

I feel him by Antipathy of Hate,  
And all my Master's Empire shakes in me.  
Help me, Diffimulation, smooth my Brow,  
And teach my Tongue to differ from my Heart.

*Enter Raleigh, attended.*

Pardon, good *Raleigh*, these enfeebl'd Limbs  
That drew their willing Master slowly on,  
To welcome thee to Liberty and Joy.  
Infirmities attend us all, and Age,  
Old Age, oft makes us seem unmannerly,  
When our Affections burn as high as Youth.

*Sir W. Ra.* Your good Affections are well known,  
my Lord,

As is your Wisdom, and your Court-Address.

*Gun.* Surely old *Gundamor* has liv'd too long,  
If he must grow suspected by his Friends.  
Trust me, I labour'd thy Release so long,  
Rung thy dear Name so often in his Ears,  
That thy good Master call'd me *English-Man*!

*Sir W. Ra.* Did he? Why then he honour'd you  
indeed.

*Gun.* Since then all Feuds are buried and forgot,  
Tell me, good *Raleigh*, why thy generous Breast  
Nurs'd such a fatal Hatred to our *Spain*?

*Sir W. Ra.* To say I hate it; that belies my Heart,  
And wrongs my native Land, whom Heav'n design'd,  
By her Plantation in the watry Deep,  
To mix with every Nation of the Earth.

*Gun.* Then must you fear it, since you wrong'd us  
so.

*Sir W. Ra.* Heav'n! that the Fears of all my Country-Men

Were such as mine, who know thy Master's Power  
Too well to fear it; and regard my Fame

Too much, to wrong a Peasant of his Right!

*Gun.* Whence then these Plunders on our *Indian*  
Shore?

*Sir W. Ra.* The Peace extended not beyond the Line.  
Nor launch'd we privately, with sordid Views:  
The World beheld us, and approv'd our Deeds  
As fair and equal in bright Honour's Eye,  
And squaring with the common Rights of Men.  
But would'st thou reckon well the Tale of Wrongs;  
Look backward, and behold an Age's Toil,  
Unnumber'd Armies, and confederate Fleets,  
Half the leagu'd World, conspiring England's Fall.  
I saw their Pride, and, thank all-gracious Heav'n,  
Had no ignoble share in their Defeat;  
When thy proud Master humbl'd all his Sails,  
Implor'd the Water, Tempests, and the Rocks,  
To hide his Shame, and save him from the Hand  
Of Britons fighting in their Country's Cause.

*Gun.* You rage, Sir *Walter*.

*Sir W. Ra.* 'Tis an honest Rage.

*Gun.* Those Days are past; I praise 'em not, nor  
blame:

You then were quick and active in Exploits;  
But you are slacken'd since; Your *English March*  
Beats mighty slowly now.

*Sir W. Ra.* Slow as it beats,  
It once has beat thro' *France*, and may thro' *Spain*.

*Gun.* You threaten, Sir; while I would speak of  
Things,

And know by Virtue of what Right you claim  
Part of our *Indian World*, the Gift of Heav'n.

*Sir W. Ra.* That Heav'n you mean, which gave you  
*England* too.

But



Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

But had your Purple-mirred Tyrant Power  
To give the Portions of the Earth away,  
The largest, fairest Lot would be his Own.  
He, in his Bounty, gave you *India's Mines*:  
But could he give it for a Spoil and Prey?  
Give Streams to thicken with the Native's Blood,  
And Groves to labour with the Planter's Weight?  
O *Priest-begotten Tyranny*! what Waste  
Thy cruel Hands make in this fair Creation!  
Treating Heav'n's Image in thy Fellow-Creature  
Worse than the Savage Beast and grazing Herd.

*Enter Salisbury.*

*Sal.* They have been warm — How my Tongue  
hates

The cursed Burthen it must now deliver. [*Aside:*  
My Message is to you, Sir *Walter* — The good  
*Queen,*

In just Return for Life and Health restor'd,  
Bids you demand your self your own Reward;  
Place, Title, Dignity, or Wealth.

*Gun.* O she's a gracious Mistress! — But these  
Ears

Shall not be grated with his bold Request. [*Exit.*

*Sir W. Ra.* Bless her, thou mighty Being, ever raise,  
As thou hast me, some Instrument of thine  
To guard and save her in the Hour of Grief!

*Sal.* I wait your Answer.

*Sir W. Ra.* Thus then, my noble Lord:  
My Sense is dull to all the Baits of Pleasure,  
To gathering Riches, and the Pride of Titles;  
Yet one Infirmary of honest Minds  
Cleaves to my Heart; and tho' my Conscience speaks  
My Innocence within, my wounded Fame,  
In publick wounded, asks a publick Cure.

*Sal.* Propose the Method.

*Sir*

*Sir W. Ra. Cobham* still lives.

He once accus'd me: Let him now make good,  
In Presence of some honourable Lords,  
His former Charge, or else retract the Wrong.  
This let him do, and sign it with his Name.

*Sal.* A small Request, and will be granted soon.

*Sir W. Ra.* My Fame thus safe, I fly from Care and  
Strife,

And gently tread the downward Path of Life.  
No more expose my self to Fortune's Sport,  
The Noise of War, or Whispers of a Court:  
In letter'd Solitude unenvied reign:  
Admire the Hills, but live upon the Plain.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The SCENE Continues.*

*Enter Salisbury and Gundamor.*

*Sal.* **H**OW cunningly the weak Wise Man contriv'd

To cheat himself, and hasten lingering Death!

*Gun.* To make but one Demand, and lodge it in the Pow'r

Of his worst Foes to form their own Reply! —

Have you prepar'd the Papers? Let me see

The lovely Characters that blush with Blood.

*Sal.* This shall be read to Cobham; this he signs;

*[Pulling out two Papers.]*

His Weakness never can observe the Cheat.

So shall blind Folly lend its Hand to skreen

Ingenious Mischief.

*Gun.* His dull Innocence

In idle Sorrows may lament his Fate.

The Deed once done, Repentance is too late.

*[Exit.]*

E

SCENE



## SCENE II. Raleigh's House.

*Sir Walter discover'd, with the HISTORY of the  
WORLD before him.*

Now my long Toil is done, my Soul at Ease  
Views her past Travels thro' the various Heap  
Of Truth and Fable. All that measur'd Time,  
Records of Nations, Governments and Laws,  
Of Heroes, Conquerors, and purpl'd Kings,  
Lye here compriz'd. O may the toilsome Task  
Answer the Labourer's Care with due Returns!  
May Men grow wiser by their Father's Follies,  
Or learn to emulate the Virtuous Dead!  
And thou my Country, nearest to my Heart,  
Dear Land of Liberty and Heav'nly Truth,  
As thou survey'st the various Models here  
Of earthly Power, their Rise, and infant State,  
Their Progress and their Period, mark the Flaws  
Of every Frame, and value much thy Own.  
Secure, while Monarchy still bears the Sway,  
And joyful Subjects pay a free Obedience.

*Enter Sir Julius Cæsar.*

Welcome, Sir *Julius*.

*J. C.* We owe you more than ever we can pay;  
May After-ages, who shall reap the Fruit,  
Balance the base Ingratitude of this,  
With lasting Honours and eternal Fame.

*Sir W. Ra.* O I am paid already to the Height!  
The great Reward is out of Fortune's Power.  
Did not the good *Eliza* smile upon me,

And

And plant me in the Circles of her Rays;  
 Now cherish, and now check, my forward Growth,  
 And teach me to aspire the noblest Way?  
 What Heart so cold, so dead to fair Renown,  
 Her Praises could not quicken and inflame?  
 Then every busy Scene of active Life  
 Was worthy of our Labour, Danger wore  
 A pleasing Aspect, e'en the Face of Death  
 Look'd smoothly kind, and flatter'd with a Smile.  
 Then I rejoyc'd and glory'd in my Strength,  
 Oft tried the lusty Sinews of my Youth  
 In manly Sports, and harden'd 'em in Arms.  
 Hoping one Day to meet my Country's Foe,  
 And merit by my Sword my Sovereign's Love.

J. C. Then was indeed the fairest Mart of Fame,  
 Inviting every brave Adventurer's Hope;  
 While Honour was the Purchase of our Blood,  
 And not the partial Gift of blind Affection.

Sir W. Ra. Eternal Peace attend thy Maiden Shade!  
 Eternal Glory dwell upon thy Tomb!  
 And grateful Piety embalm thy Dust,  
 With kind, religious Tenderness and Love!  
 With dear Remembrance, and with dread Re-  
 gard,  
 Visit her Ashes, ye succeeding Monarchs;  
 From her transcribe the Model of your Power,  
 And leave the Blessings of a righteous Sway.

Enter Howard.

How. Raleigh, I fear some Mischief lags behind;  
 Cecil and Gundamor came now from Court.  
 Their Cheeks seem'd flush'd, and a pleas'd Fierceness  
 shone,  
 Like Signs of cruel Triumph in their Eyes.  
 Cecil wav'd different Papers in his Hand,

E 2

Which

Which *Gundamor* would often catch and kiss,  
Then read in Transport, and then kiss again.

*Sir W. Ra.* Then *Cobham*, with new added Weight  
of Guilt,  
Is sunk still deeper in the Gulph of Woe.

*How.* Beside, I met the curst *Lieutenant* too,  
As making hither with a breathless Haste.  
My Cares for thee so swallow'd up my Rage,  
That I forgot, and left him unchastiz'd.

*Enter Wade with a Guard.*

*Wade.* Sir *Walter*, you are my Pris'ner once  
again:  
See the attesting Lords, and *Cobham's* Hand.

*Sir W. Ra.* Death play'd before, but is in earnest  
now. [Shows a Paper.]

Poor *Cobham*! Fear, unmanly Fear, has lost  
That Peace which thou shalt never taste again.  
*Howard*, I hear thy generous Heart has try'd  
A dangerous Path to make thy Friend secure:  
I have forgiven it. Send my Son to me.  
Lead to the Tower, from thence the Prospect lies  
To that new Country we must reach to Night.

[Exit guarded.]

*How.* Heav'n! how undauntedly his Spirit breaks  
Thro' Nature's Struggles to the Realms of Peace!  
The generous Steed, thus, walking by the Shore,  
Where Waves beat high, and giddy Tempests roar,  
Viewing, from thence, on the remoter side,  
Fair Meadows rise, and gentle Rivers glide;  
He plunges, scornful of the Wave and Wind,  
Looks back, and sees the threatening Storm behind;  
The Coast once gain'd, he rises fresh and gay,  
And bounds to Woods of Liberty away.

[Exeunt.  
Enter



*Enter Lady Raleigh.*

*L. Ra.* Where have they hurried my poor Husband,  
My Lord, my Life! O Savage Cruelty!  
To tear him from me, Widow my sad Arms,  
E'er yet my Tongue had told him half my Joy!  
Recover'd so, and lost again so soon!  
Heav'n in the granting snatch'd the Bliss away,  
And left the Thankfulness of Prayer unfinish'd.

*Enter Olympia.*

*Olym.* O the lov'd Youth! O Ecstasy of Joy!  
Where have they hid him from my longing Eyes? —  
His Mother! Sure she'll listen to my Prayers.

*L. Ra.* Fly, fly, unhappy Maid! No Joy, no Son  
Expects thy fond Embrace, no Husband mine.  
For Death, inexorable Death, stands arm'd;  
E'en now he strikes, and thou and I are lost.

*Olym.* Is there no Moment of unsullied Pleasure  
Left for *Olympia*, in the Course of Time?

*L. Ra.* Go seek thy Father.

*Olym.* Fate, stand still a while.  
Drop thy Wings, Time, till Love says — Journey  
on. [Exit]

*L. Ra.* It cannot be; the Warning-Clock has  
struck:

One aching View, one last Embrace is all. [Exit]

E 3

SCENE

SCENE III. *In the Tower.*

*Enter Sir Walter Raleigh, Howard, Carew, and Wade.*

*Sir W. Ra.* So, my good Friends; this Visit turns  
the Edge

Of Fortune's Strokes, and hardens 'em to Bluntness.  
If the Resort of Friends is counted kind  
When we salute the Day, and take up Life,  
Unknowing of the Weight; 'tis kinder far,  
To see us lay the cumbrous Burthen down,  
And help us to shake off Mortality.

*Enter Lady Raleigh.*

*L. Ra.* O my dear Lord! — O these cruel But-  
chers!

Can you not stay till I have mov'd the King?  
Sure he will hear me. He had been as I  
But for my *Raleigh's* Aid: A widow'd King.  
What can he less return than Life for Life?

*Sir W. Ra.* The King is good and merciful; so  
just,

That, were his Power as Eastern Tyrants large,  
His virtuous Nature, to it self a Law,  
Would check that Power, in Goodness to Mankind;  
Scorning to do a Wrong, because he might.  
Charge not to him the wicked Statesman's Wiles,  
Who steal his Name to sanctify their Crimes,  
And murder in the Garb of Innocence.  
Else had not I, enlarg'd and free as you,

From

From his *Commission* pardon'd by the *Law*,  
 Stood here the Spectacle of gaping Crowds.  
 Cunning Oppression may o'ertake the best,  
 Treating alike the Subject and the Slave:  
 Yet tho' I perish, see thee torn away  
 From me, a single Suff'rer; dearest *Freedom*,  
 I will assert thee with my latest Breath,  
 And bid my Country cherish thy Remains.

*L. Ra.* O my dear Lord, you must not, shall not  
 dye:

This Theme, which I will urge and urge again,  
 Shall pierce the King, and give thee back to Life.

*Sir W. Ra.* Has not the Queen spoke strongly in  
 my Cause?

When Majesty it self descends to sue,  
 And sues in vain, all other Tongues are useless.  
 Think'st thou that any other Voice could move  
 My Heart to Pity, if thy own had fail'd?

*How.* These female Tears  
 Distract my Scheme. Lieutenant, you can lye;  
 Do it, or ——— [Whisper's Wade.

*Wade.* You may indeed: It is deferr'd. See here.

[Shows a Paper. Howard leads off Lady Raleigh.

*Sir W. Ra.* Is she remov'd? The Struggle then is  
 past;

My Soul is light and easie now again;  
 Pants for the Race, and fain would live at large.  
 Retire a while, my Friends; young *Raleigh* waits;  
 'Tis fit I season him with proper Thoughts,  
 And arm his Soul to see his Father dye.

[Exeunt severally.

Enter Olympia.

*Olym.* Where, Nature, art thou fled? How are thy  
 soft,  
 Thy tender Strings of Sympathy decay'd?



What savage Hand has cut the subtle Line,  
 That runs from Parents to their Childrens Hearts,  
 And bids Man love his Issue as himself?  
 O thou art lost! and Woman's Tears, that us'd  
 To raise and wake thy sleeping Instruments,  
 Great Nature, serve but to lament thy Death.  
 Why did'st thou flatter me, why give me once  
 A Daughter's Power, and snatch it from me now?  
 Like a mad Painter, wanton of thy Skill,  
 Delighting to deface thy own fair Works.

*Enter Young Raleigh. Turns away.*

Turn, *Raleigh*, and behold these streaming Eyes,  
 These supplicating Lips and lifted Hands:  
 My Father saw them, and yet turn'd not to me.

*Y. Ra.* I cannot hear thee, for thy Words are full  
 Of subtle Poison, Death is in thy Eyes:  
 I dare not look, and yet I wish I could.

*Olym.* Have I not greatly labour'd for thy Father?

*Y. Ra.* My Father! Wherefore dost thou name my  
 Father?

That calls a thousand Thoughts into my Soul,  
 All fraught with Hatred to thy Race and thee.  
 Does he not dye by *Cecil's* bloody Hand?  
 And shall his Daughter wash the Stain away?

*Olym.* The Crime is not from me: Yet Nature starts,  
 And cries 'Tis monstrous, if it should be so. ---  
 Away Reflection, Love is lost in Thinking,  
 Yet look on me. ---

*Y. Ra.* How shall I teach my Eyes  
 To look with Scorn on Objects us'd to please?  
 Who never saw the *Rose*, might say 'twas foul;  
 The Sweetness known is hard to be forgot.  
 Ha, do not I expect my Father here?  
 This Time should all be his.  
 Then turn, my Heart, in Wrath: See

See all old *Cecil's* Murthers painted there,  
And Death lye lurking in that beauteous Form.

*Olym.* O cruel *Raleigh*, was it not enough  
I am not, never, never must be thine,  
But thou must stab me with these killing Words?

*Y. Ra.* I find 'tis as impossible to hate,  
As love her. Forgive me, poor *Olympia*;  
Fate stands between us, Honour sides with Fate,  
And bids us each forget that we have lov'd.

*Olym.* See, *Cecil*, and enjoy thy Daughter's Woes:  
Thus, *Raleigh*, I give back thy Father's Life.

[*Stabs herself.*]

*Y. Ra.* Oh lost! destroy'd! Rash Deed! Unhappy  
Maid!

Tormenting Sight! Can I behold thee thus?  
See the pale Fingers of approaching Death  
Damping those Beauties, chilling all thy Flames,  
And only moan thee with an idle Sorrow?

It must — Forgive me, Father, Nature, Heav'n:  
Love bids me follow. — Stay, *Olympia*, stay  
On this Side Death. Look up — thy *Raleigh* calls.

*Olym.* That Name awakes the heavy Sense from  
Sleep,  
And holds retiring Life in sweet Suspense.

[*Opening her Eyes heavily.*]

Where art thou, most Unhappy? Let my Eyes  
Fix on thee, print thy Image on my Soul,  
And bear at once its Guilt and Comfort hence.

*Y. Ra.* Speak on, and kill me with thy dying  
Voice.

Sweet Instrument of Sorrow, grow not mute,  
Till I am cold and senseless. Oh Despair!  
Why art thou slow? This Hand must quicken thee.

*Olym.* *Raleigh*, forbear; enough of Blood is spilt;  
Offended Heav'n demands no more than this.  
Yet, oh, if thou hast lov'd, by Love I beg  
Send not my Spirit in Deceit away,

But

But tell me thou hast lov'd,

*T. Ra.* Attest, ye Pow'rs!

Ye conscious Pow'rs! who live in endless Love;

Speak it, my Heart, in every blushing Vein;

Tell it, my Eyes, in every gazing Look;

And thou, my Tongue, sound nothing else but Love.

*Olym.* Draw nearer then, and let my fainting Hand

Thus seize thee — hold thee — and thus leave

thee mine. [Dies.

*T. Ra.* Farewell, thou whitest Virgin Shade, fare-  
well.

Thou, and thy Sorrows, now are all at Peace;

But I have Woes, unnumber'd Woes, to come.

If any ask, whose Eyes are forc'd to see,

Unhallow'd View, a murder'd Lover's Coarse;

If any ask, whose Arms expect to grasp

A dying Father in a last Embrace;

If any ask, what Orphan's Tongue must charm

The Ghost of Sorrow in a widow'd Mother,

Conduct him here. In me behold that Wretch,

The Scene and Center of all human Grief.

*Enter Sir Walter Raleigh.*

*Sir W. Ra.* My Son, the little Space that lies between

Us and Eternity we give to thee.

The Chain of Nature, that successive runs

From Age to Age, connecting Sire and Son

In strongest Amity, now breaks short the Links,

And makes thee Heir and Father of our Race,

And thou must be —

*T. Ra.* O teach me rather

To bear what now I am.

*Sir W. Ra.* Art not thou the Son

Of him, whose Name shall never make thee blush?

Of him, who in a Courtier's, Soldier's Life,

Twice



Twice twenty Winters, not ignobly spent,  
 Feels no great Crime weigh heavy on his Soul.  
 If to have lov'd my Country, to have priz'd  
 Her Fame and Safety above Gain and Life;  
 If to have watch'd, travell'd, fought and bled for her,  
 If these are Crimes Posterity will judge,  
 And Infamy pollute the Name of Raleigh.

*Y. Ra.* O my lost Father! O my —

*Sir W. Ra.* This Weakness  
 Might have become thy Mother's tender Sex;  
 Grief there is natural, and shoots  
 A catching Sorrow to the strongest Heart.  
 But we are Men.

*Y. Ra.* No single Woe is mine: [*Pointing to the Body.*]  
 Behold *Olympia*, view the breathless Fair:  
 Her self the Victim and the Slayer too.

*Sir W. Ra.* Unhappy Maid! Does Vengeance fly so fast,  
 It would not pause a while 'till I was gone;  
 But o'ertook *Cecil* in his dearest Child.  
 Take Care, my Heart, thy hardest Proof is now;  
 Rejoice not in his Woes, say not to thy self  
 Heav'n bids thee triumph o'er the guiltless Blood.  
 Poor, poor old Man! how will thy tender Heart  
 Bear this sad Sight, when he, whose Foe thou art,  
 Sickens with Tenderness, and melts for thee?  
 Hear me, *Supreme*, in this forgiving Prayer;  
 With Faith and Reason fortify his Breast,  
 Help his old Age, and comfort his Despair.  
 See her remov'd, — Nature may relapse,  
 And Thoughts forbidden sully our last Hour.  
 Come to my Arms, thou best-belov'd, as there  
 Thou growest to my Bosom, think how much  
 Thy Father lov'd thee, and repay the Debt  
 Of tender Duty to thy Widow'd Mother.

*Y. Ra.* O Father! Mother! multiplied Distress!  
 O! thou departed, and thou hastening Shade —

*Sir*

*Sir W. Ra.* Forbear. Duty and Nature claim so much;  
 But Virtue, Manhood, Heav'n forbid the rest:  
 Observe me yet; this Lesson is my last.  
 Follow not Fortune, nor aspire to Court;  
 If call'd to Honour, hold thy Country's Good  
 First in thy View, That comforts all Disgrace.  
 For know, a mighty States-Man is so plac'd,  
 One good or guilty Thought may damn or save him,  
 And turn the Fate of Millions in an Hour.  
 For me, regardless of thy Father's Fate,  
 Pursue his Pattern in all Acts but One.  
 Contract no Friendship with an o'ergrown Greatness;  
 Falling, it crushes thee; and standing long,  
 Grows insolently weary of Support,  
 And spurns the Props that held it up before.  
 Forget thy Father's Loss, but guard his Fame.

*Y. Ra.* Forget you! Not till Memory is lost.

*Sir W. Ra.* Let him who doubts my Honour view  
 my End,

As thou shalt, and observe me as I lye  
 Prone to the Earth, and hastening to be made  
 A Part with common Clay, if this firm Fabrick,  
 Old as it is, do shrink or shudder then.  
 Thanks to my Innocence! I feel my Blood  
 Beat strong and vigorous, as at forty Years.

*Enter Howard, Caesar, Carew and Wade.*

*Sir W. Ra.* But see, our Friends return; such virtuous  
 Men

Be it thy Pride to cherish and embrace.  
 There, *Howard*; thou hast been his Father's Friend;  
 Love him as thou hast me, thou canst not more.

*How.* Thus let me hold thee in thy Father's Pro-  
 sence;

And if I quit the Claim which I have here,

For

For any paultry Passion Men admire,  
 The Dirt of Wealth, or Vanity of Honour,  
 The Lust of Power, or Luxury of Love;  
 If the dark Brow of Danger, Fortune, Death,  
 Sever our Hearts, or make me less thy Friend,  
 May my Fame dye among the rotten Names  
 Of Summer-Friends, Court-Spies, and Parasites,  
 Or *Howard* perish by a Coward's Sword.

*Y. Ra.* Thou brave good Man, my Heart is warm  
 as thine;

But Sorrow choaks, and turns my Tongue to Silence.

*Ces.* Sir *Walter*, you may live; for *Cobham's* dead.

*Sir W. Ra.* Is *Gundamor* or *Cecil*?

*Ces.* No. ——— But he

Hearing your Fate, with sudden Passion seiz'd,  
 Swore you were Innocent; then rav'd aloud  
 On *Cecil's* Plots; at last, with Madness turn'd,  
 He stabb'd himself.

*Sir W. Ra.* Indeed I pity him.

'Tis a sad Spectacle of Woe, to see  
 The Senses loose, and Reason all unhing'd,  
 In the last Moments of expiring Life,  
 When every Faculty should be enlarg'd,  
 To aid the Soul, and wing her on her Way.  
 Lieutenant, is there Time?

*Wade.* There is, Sir *Walter*.

*Sir W. Ra.* Would any speak, my Friends? Is there  
 a Wish?

Or is it all a Look and parting Prayer?

*How.* My Friend, one Day I never can forget,  
 When 'midst a Shower of *Indian* Darts I lay,  
 When o'er my Wounds the savage Army stood,  
 Chusing a Part to drop the poys'nous Drug;  
 Then you cried out, O Friendship thou art lost!  
 And springing forward with a desperate Bound,  
 Drove off the servile Nations, brought me back.

In



In breathless Joy, thus leaning on thy Arm.

*Sir W. Ra.* I did; and sav'd an *English-Man*, a Friend:  
A juster Glory than a *Roman* Triumph.

*How.* For this, Four Hundred veteran Sailors stretch  
Their harden'd Sinews, and demand thy Freedom.  
These Guards will fly and tremble at their Sight.

*Sir W. Ra.* Ha! Was it well to call my Spirit back,  
When Peace and Happiness were seal'd above,  
To mix with Earth, and soil my self with Guilt?  
I thought to part the last with Thee; but now,  
*Howard*, thou shalt not see thy *Raleigh* dye.

*How.* Forgive me then, my *Raleigh*.

*Sir W. Ra.* I do; I do;

Thus, in this last Embrace. Farewel, my Friend.  
The Glass is almost run, the Scene is short,  
Presenting but one Object to my View.

O eloquent! O just! O mighty Death!

Who shall recount the Wonders of thy Hand?

Whom none could counsel, thou hast well advis'd,  
And whisper'd Wisdom to the deafest Ear:

Whom all have trembl'd at, thy Might has dar'd;

Whom all have flatter'd, thou alone hast scorn'd,

And sweet poor deify'd Mortality

With common Ashes to an humble Grave.

Long have I pluck'd thy Terrors from my Heart,

Call'd thee Companion in my Active Life,

My solitary Days, and studious Hours;

Made thee familiar to my Couch as Sleep.

Come then, my Guest: --- The guilty Soul depends

'Twixt Doubt and Fear: --- But thou and I are  
Friends.

[*Exeunt.*

*Manent, Howard and Carew.*

*How.* He would not let me. Virtuous to the last.  
Was it well done? --- Could *Howard*, who has fought

So

So many Battels by his *Raleigh's* Side,  
 A tame Spectator see him led unarm'd,  
 Like a poor Captive thro' a gazing Crowd?  
 Or view that Face, which never look'd on Death  
 But with an upward Front, and threatning Brow,  
 Turn'd, like a common Traitor's, to the Ground?  
 Honour could not have born it, every Fool  
 Of Curiosity had call'd me Coward;  
 And the Wind whisper'd nothing else but Coward.

*Car.* Gods! that the choicest Genius of our Age,  
 Form'd for the highest Purposes of Life,  
 To check aspiring Tyrants in their Course,  
 And force the Royal Robbers from their Prey,  
 That he should suffer, suffer in that Land  
 That ought to bless her self thro' every Age,  
 Boasting she ever bore a Son like him! [*Shout within.*]

*How.* Curse on their clam'rous Throats! Base Multitude!

So would they bellow, if the sacred Head  
 Of Majesty it self lay low in Dust.  
 They never mind the Person, or the Cause:  
 A Tale and Holiday is all their Bus'ness.

*Car.* Hence see, that single Virtue can't stand long,  
 When Faction and Conspiracy grow strong.  
 Yet say we not, when Blood's unjustly spilt,  
 Heav'n leaves her Favourites, or approves the Guilt.

*How.* Arms are no more; the Soldier's Friend is lost.

Be idle then, my Sword, till happy Time  
 Shall bid thy Country arm; then shine again,  
 Wave on the Deck, or glitter on the Plain;  
 Revenging *Raleigh's* Loss on guilty Spain.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.

THE WALTER HARRISON

To many hearts by his name  
A name of power for him and mine  
Like a poor Captive thro' a giving Crowd  
Or view that face, which never look'd on death  
But with an upward brow, and radiant eye  
Turn'd like a common peasant to the ground  
It could not have been in every foot  
Of Country but with the Countess  
And the King's will'd not in the Countess  
Can God that the whole of our age  
Found for the highest purpose of life  
To check the young Tyrants in the Countess  
And force the Royal Robes from the King  
That he should die in that land  
That ought to be the end of the story  
Boasting the ever better Son like him  
Walter, Count on that mountain's throne, the Moor

So would they follow, if the sacred hand  
Of Majesty is laid low in death  
They never mind the loss of the Countess  
A Tale and History is all that remains  
Can. Hence for the future  
When Nation and Country grow strong  
Yet we not, when blood is shed  
How leaves heart in heart, in spirit the Countess  
How arms are no more, the Nation's friend

Be it then, my sword, all happy time  
Shall be thy Country's; then thou shalt  
Wave on the Dole 6 MA 50  
Reverend King's Love on the Dole



